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The Nation.

June 22, 1985 $1.25; U.K. 65p

HITCHENS ON CONTRA AID

EDITORIAL

HOPE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

For all the wrong reasons and despite hard-line opposition from both sides, a peace conference on the Middle East now seems conceivable.

Israel's disastrous invasion of Lebanon, compounded by its internal financial crisis, has left that beleaguered country in desperate need of global political legitimacy. Moreover, Prime Minister Shimon Peres has domestic political reasons to get the peace process moving.

The P.L.O. is a shambles, and Yasir Arafat's latest moves suggest that he believes his organization's legitimacy, not to mention his own political survival, may depend on his ability to achieve politically what he has been unable to achieve through violence.

King Hussein appears to sense that if peace does not come soon to the Middle East, Jordan could fall victim to radical forces in the region. Egypt's President Mubarak needs a Palestinian-Israeli dialogue to end Egypt's isolation in the Arab world. The Iran-Iraq war and the current wave of Islamic fundamentalism have given rise to a new sobriety among the Gulf states. Recalcitrant Syria is finding itself increasingly alone.

What remains to be put in place, of course, are the formulas and the forums. Are the talks to include the P.L.O., the P.N.C., the West Bank Palestinians? Are they to be international, as proposed by Hussein, or in stages, ultimately involving the permanent members of the U.N. Security Council, as proposed by Peres?

These are not simple matters, but neither are they insoluble. That is especially so if the United States at last faces up to what everybody has long known but been afraid to say out loud: the participation of the P.L.O. (under whatever name) and of the Soviet Union (at whatever point in the process) is the necessary condition for a breakthrough.

POLAND DIARY
Daniel Singer

THE CRASH NEXT TIME?
Sidney Lens

HUNGER MYTHS
Albert L. Huebner

IRAN REVISITED
Thomas Powers
Edward Fox

ROCKY TAKES ON VIETNAM
Andrew Kopkind

PUBLIC ART
Arthur C. Danto

SMEARING DISARMAMENT

THE CASE OF THE PEACENIK PROVOCATEUR

PETER MAASS

Brussels

On March 29, 1984, peace activist John Philip Wood slipped into the Belgian Air Force base at Florennes, forced open the steel-reinforced door of an ammunition bunker and made off with 193 howitzer shells. Wood then returned to the peace camp at Woensdrecht, Holland, and tried to convince activists there to use some of the shells to bomb the neighboring military base. He was rebuffed because the activists oppose violence. A few days later, Wood dropped his own bombshell, one which would soon be felt throughout the Netherlands.

"At the present time I am attached to NATO intelligence, European theater of operations," he wrote in a statement distributed at the camp. "My orders were to infiltrate the Dutch peace movement, discover the suspected Soviet involvement in a hard-action group that was known to have been formed in Holland, and to prevent any serious breach of NATO security." According to the single-page document, his contacts were "two Dutch intelligence agents based in The Hague."

Wood's statement confirmed what activists at the Woensdrecht camp had suspected for some time: there was a spy among them. The group immediately searched Wood's trailer and found thirteen shells, which they turned over to the police, and called for an investigation to determine whom he was working for. Within a few days, members of the Dutch Parliament demanded that the government reveal what it knew about the mysterious John Wood. On May 16, Home Affairs Minister J.G. Rietkerk told Parliament that the 44-year-old Wood, a Canadian, had worked as an informant for the B.V.D., the Dutch secret

(*Continued on Page 767*)

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LETTERS.

PACK OF LIES

Washington

There are so many mendacities in Alexander Cockburn's May 18 column that much space would be required to expose them all; that, no doubt, is his method and his hope. Here, only a few of the needed corrections.

First, a number of speakers at the Moral Equivalence conference *did* criticize President Reagan's decision to visit Bitburg; Melvin Lasky did so with special vigor.

Second, Norman Podhoretz criticized the Bitburg decision not only in his nationally syndicated column but also in a major speech in New York City and in interviews.

Third, "the Reagan years" have not been the only years to be "kind" to me. I served on the National Advisory Council on Ethnic Heritage Studies under both the Ford and the Carter Administrations and was instrumental in helping set up an ethnic outreach office in both. I was active as well in the campaigns of Robert F. Kennedy, Sargent Shriver, Edmund Muskie, George McGovern and Henry M. Jackson.

Fourth, I do not hold that "democracy and capitalism are indivisible." It is a fact that all existing genuine democracies have capitalist economies, but not all capitalist countries (alas) are democratic. Capitalism appears to be a necessary, but not sufficient, condition for democracy. My ideal includes *both* capitalism and democracy, and criticism of either or both is always in order.

Fifth, the allegation that I have ever been an apologist for the unspeakable crimes of the Tiso regime will come as a surprise to those many individuals and press organs around the world that have bitterly attacked me for publicly denouncing Tiso. Among other things, it was my privilege to speak at the State Department during the presentation of a memorial album dedicated to the Victims of the Holocaust in the Slovak State, an album created by the still heartbroken survivors of that awful period. Those remarks were carried by Voice of America.

Sixth, in the four annual issues I edited, I made *Slovakia* the organ of the young scholars of the American Association for the Advancement of Slavic Studies and the Slovak Studies Association, precisely in order to help the new generation of Slovak-Americans face what Stanislav J. Kirschbaum called in his article "one of the darkest chapters in Slovak history."

In the 1978-79 issue, we published both "The Slovak Intelligentsia, 1918–1938," by Owen V. Johnson, and "The Slovak State in Post-war Historiography," by the brilliant young Israeli scholar Yeshayahu Jelinek, which briefly discusses the most significant seventy-three works on the Slovak state, from all points of view, including the Marxist, favored by Cockburn.

In the next issue, 1980-81, we published the two major papers of the first panel ever devoted to this subject by the A.A.A.S.S., at its annual meeting in New Haven in October 1979, under the auspices of the S.S.A.: "14 March 1939 and the Slovak State." One was by Stanislav Kirschbaum, the other by Paul R. Magosci, who, after a distinguished career at Harvard, holds the chair in Ukrainian studies at the University of Toronto. Both seriously fault the Tiso regime.

Finally, the new Board for International Broadcasting (consisting of Frank Shakespeare, Ben Wattenberg, Lane Kirkland, James Michener, Clair Burgener, Edward Ney, Arch Madsen, Malcolm S. Forbes Jr. and myself) took office in January 1984. The brief questionable passages from two scripts mentioned by Cockburn (from February 12 and April 22, 1984) were brought to the attention of the Program Committee (Wattenberg, Michener and myself) by internal auditors well before press comments appeared. We found no evidence of anti-Semitic or antidemocratic intent but judged that the passages should have been more carefully edited. Former Senator James Buckley, president of Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, instituted new procedures accordingly. *Michael Novak*

COCKBURN REPLIES

New York City

Michael Novak would have been better advised to drop the talk about "mendacities" and hold his peace. If he saw his editorship of *Slovakia* as an opportunity to "help the new generation of Slovak-Americans face" one of the darkest chapters in Slovak history, he went about his mission in a curious way. The essay on the wartime Slovak Republic by Stanislav Kirschbaum, which appeared in *Slovakia* for 1980-81 and which I discussed, failed to mention the extermination of the bulk of Slovakia's Jews and was, furthermore, a lengthy apology for the man presiding over this extermination, President Tiso, whose crimes Novak now affects to find "unspeakable."

I do not see how any editor who genuinely thought this could have published Kirschbaum's essay. Perhaps Kirschbaum feels a *tendresse* for President Tiso because his father, Joseph, was once Secretary General of the Hlinka Party and has been an apologist for the Tiso regime since its demise. Joseph Kirschbaum was on the editorial board of Novak's *Slovakia*.

In 1977, presumably as part of his effort to help young Slovak-Americans shoulder the burden of history, Novak contributed a preface to *Slovakia and the Slovaks*, by Joseph Mikus. In addition to being a member of Novak's editorial board, Mikus was the Slovak Republic's Ambassador to Franco's Spain. In his book he praises the "wise" leadership of President Tiso (who once said, "The new . . . order can be established only when we shall have completely uprooted the Jews from our national life") and restricts his account of the Slovak Republic's deported and exterminated Jews to these bland words: "During the war, the Slovak Republic was, unfortunately, not entirely successful in protecting the human rights of some of its individuals or of some groups of its citizens; but this was the result of severe external pressures, of *forces majeures* rather than any intentional policy."

It would be interesting to know what the "still heartbroken survivors" Novak piously invokes would make of those brazen apologetics. They didn't bother Novak, who writes in his introduction to Mikus: "These refugee scholars, among whom Dr. Mikus is one of the most prolific, keep alive certain valuable perspectives. Without their testimony, we would be poor indeed. . . . They restore to us our stolen past." The past retrieved by Mikus and Novak has no place for the 500 reichsmarks that the Tiso regime paid the Germans for every Jew taken to Poland and the death camps.

Novak's cowardice in dealing with Radio Liberty's anti-Semitic broadcasts is of a piece with his sponsorship of Kirschbaum and Mikus. Two more examples to add to those I noted in my column: On June 30, 1984, Radio Liberty broadcast a piece fondly commemorating the 1941 declaration of Ukrainian independence but omitting the fact that this declaration included the words "Long Live Adolf Hitler" and was, in Lvov, accompanied by a pogrom against that city's Jews, conducted by the Nazi Ukrainian nationalists praised in the radio program. Another broadcast, on January 13, 1984, explained a Cossack pogrom against the Jews during the civil war of 1919-20 by saying that it was difficult for the Cossacks to restrain their indignation because so many Jews had joined the Bolsheviks. Novak has excused these broadcasts before a Senate Foreign Relations Committee and in his letter by saying they were not anti-Semitic in intent, which carries about as much weight as arguing that it was not apologist in intent to publish an account of the Slovak Republic in which its culpability in the murder of 85,000 Jews was never mentioned.

If Podhoretz's speech was of the same order as his column on Bitburg, his White House pass will not be revoked. On the matter of capitalism and democracy, Novak's strategy has long been to argue that to attack capitalism is to attack democracy, since the former is a necessary condition for the latter. This is a position Novak's corporate sponsors find most congenial. His boast that he has hopped his way across the political spectrum from McGovern to Reagan demonstrates the opportunism with which this self-styled "theologian" has arranged his unalluring career. *Alexander Cockburn*

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EDITORIALS.

SALT on Hold

An arms control treaty that allows one signatory to deploy a veritable doomsday machine, a first-strike thermonuclear weapon more lethal than any devised in history, hardly seems like a guarantor of international peace. Yet the SALT II agreement contains nothing to control President Reagan's scheduled launch of the Trident submarine Alaska, which will carry more firepower than all the bombs, shells and bullets exploded by all the armies in World War II as it cruises undetected under the seas. All Reagan has to do to keep within the letter of the treaty is decommission one old Poseidon sub, whose nuclear punch is like a crossbow to Trident's musket. There's no need for lesser weapons now; the Alaska can deliver the apocalypse whenever.

Although SALT II by itself does not make the world safe, or even survivable, its political and diplomatic value has been formidable. It is the last landmark of détente and is still the symbol of the hope, however faint, that the superpowers can negotiate a mutual retreat from nuclear annihilation. The coming of the current cold war saw both Democratic and Republican Administrations turn against the trea-

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ty: Jimmy Carter lost interest almost as soon as it was signed, and Reagan made his position against ratification the centerpiece of his foreign policy platform in the 1980 campaign.

Successive Senate sessions have refused to ratify the agreement; nevertheless, Reagan continues to hold to its provisions, more or less, simply because the alternative is too unpleasant to contemplate. If he was to scrap SALT II, Reagan would isolate the United States from the rest of NATO, including the hard-liners in Britain and West Germany. He would risk losing the lukewarm support he has in Congress for Star Wars and the MX, even though those systems and other first-strike projects are part of the accelerated buildup the Pentagon has been peddling for a SALT-free situation. He would throw away the possibility of a summit with Mikhail Gorbachev, a social event reportedly dear to Nancy Reagan's heart. And he probably would undermine the national center-right consensus he has constructed so carefully over the past four years to enact his domestic programs. Add to that the cost of unbridled defense spending and the minor matter of World War III, and it's easy to see why Reagan is not eager to upset the SALT status quo.

For the time being, then, the most strident cold warriors have been subdued, if not silent, within the Administration. Reagan's decision last week to stay within SALT's generous limits (e.g., 1,200 multiple-warhead missiles for each side) gives him an opportunity to star as a statesman for another six months or so. Down the road, however, he must make a harder choice: whether to allow another round of détente, as his Presidential predecessors in the 1970s did, or go for the glory of nuclear supremacy. The movement Reagan has created—the militarists, fundamentalists and superpatriots of "the second American Revolution"—is pushing him in one direction. Only a confident and determined opposition of comparable strength can move him the other way.

Private Revolution

Speaking of revolutions, it seems like only yesterday that Prince Metternich put together the Holy Alliance to oppose the revolutionary fever that was spreading in Europe and the Americas after the disturbances of 1776 and 1789. Austria, Russia and Prussia joined their considerable forces to contain, and if possible roll back, the democratic insurgencies threatening the old order. Now comes a modern Metternich in the person of Lew Lehrman—drugstore heir, unsuccessful New York gubernatorial candidate, think-tank entrepreneur, Presidential hopeful and recent Roman Catholic convert—who has formed something called the Democratic International to turn back the tide of revolution in the Third World. One can only hope that the second time around the Holy Alliance will be farce.

On June 1, Lehrman's boundless checkbook brought representatives of the Nicaraguan *contras*, the Afghan Mujahedeen and Laotian hill tribes to the jungle redoubt of Jamba, Angola, from which Unita's Jonas Savimbi directs his war against the government in Luanda. Lehrman came on with a "Dear Lew" letter from Ronald Reagan, in lieu of a videocassette, as promised. Still, the message made a big impression in the jungle. The point was to form an alliance of anticommunist rebels to help the United States (along with South Africa, China and Saudi Arabia, who bankroll one or another of the outfits present) export counterrevolution on three continents.

Guerrilla groupie Lehrman has his work cut out for him. Many likely candidates didn't show. Pol Pot was busy, Omega 7 had its hands full, the Kuomintang wasn't invited and Solidarnosc was apparently ineligible. Most countries that give sanctuary or support to the right-wing guerrillas were squeamish about aiding the conference. Only South Africa, which is behind Savimbi's war, provided Lehrman with logistical help. But there are ideological problems with the alliance as well. Lehrman praised the right-wing rebels as freedom fighters against foreign domination and alien philosophies. Then he presented his gang of four with copies of the U.S. Declaration of Independence and said their struggles were part of "the second stage of the American Revolution, always intended by the founders to be a world revolution." It is unreported whether anyone in Jamba caught the contradiction.

Life Is a Soap

The actor-director Erich von Stroheim became a star in the 1920s under the sobriquet "the man you love to hate," and now Claus von Bülow, who has cloned his sinister Continental charm as well as the "von" and the ramrod posture of a Prussian officer, has become the 1980s tabloid idol with a soupçon of menace. His acquittal last week by a Providence, Rhode Island, jury for the attempted murder of his wife, "Sunny," stimulated great exhalations of musk and moralizing from the sob sorority of both sexes in the press. The story was like the plots for *Dynasty*, *Princess Daisy* and *Lace I* and *II* chewed up in a great bolus of lust, greed and sex. And Ted Turner's Cable News Network carried it live!

In America, life aspires to the soaps. *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* only scratches the surface with its controlled access to the Olympic-size pools and marble hot tubs of the R & F, along with potted sycophantic interviews by host Robin Leach. *Von Bülow II* was hard-core voyeurism. Did poor Sunny slip into the big sleep as a result of a coldblooded insulin injection administered by the man who stood to inherit $14 mil (at least) and marry the beauteous Alexandra Isles, a former soap-opera actress? Or did she choke on her own vomit after mixing too many pills with too much liquor in her lonely, fabulous Newport mansion? Were von Bülow's stepchildren out to insure their inheritance of various multimillion-dollar fortunes or were they only seeking retribution? Will there be a lengthy legal battle over Sunny's millions? Will Cosima reconcile with Alexander and Ala?

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Hate, cupidity, Oedipal alliances—all in the family. And Turner got not one but two trials for his money, the second even more dramatic than the first.

Now it is all over in the courtroom, and von Bülow moves on to the judgment of Barbara Walters, who has first option on his post-trial ruminations; then, presumably, to further catharses on *Today*, *Good Morning America* and—*in excelsis*—Johnny Carson. Some months hence the books and the television docudramas will provide the probing retrospective analyses.

How many more of these tales can the market bear? Not so long ago, we were reading of Mrs. Harris and the Diet Doctor in a multivolume set. Heralded by a heated exchange of charges about who paid off which informant, Jonathan Coleman and Shana Alexander recently came out with twin books about another sensational society murder. Although *Lace II* bombed in the ratings, we suspect that we have not seen the end of its real-life counterpart. The von Bülow case is not a symptom of a crime wave in the upper reaches of society; after all, it occurred five years ago. Rather, the packaging of the stories by the entertainment conglomerates has become routinized.

The logical next step is for the media entrepreneurs to start producing these Murders of the Rich and Famous on a more businesslike basis. We suggest that the next society murderer take care to get him- or herself a good agent and auction off the rights ahead of time. The trial could be run in prime time with instant replays, "color" by Robin Leach and legal play-by-play by F. Lee Bailey. The defendant would decide to take the stand or not on the basis of how much his agent could net from the networks. Witnesses would be treated as talent and could be cast by their lawyers in star or supporting roles, according to how well they did in pretrial auditions. The *National Enquirer* and *The Star* would vie for first rights to a leaked verdict from the jury room. Competing authors would spend all their time on the talk-show circuit hurling insults at their rivals, while ghosts actually wrote the books.

That ideal state must come at a future time. Meanwhile, we can only take heart from a news item in the *New York Post*: "Despite his acquittal in Rhode Island yesterday, Claus von Bulow may face murder charges here. . . . A spokesman for Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau said the DA's office would consider trying von Bulow for murder if Sunny von Bulow dies."

Think of it: *Von Bülow III*!

Updates

Dr. Gustavo Sequeira, vice dean of the faculty of medical sciences at the National Autonomous University of Nicaragua, was released by *contra* guerrillas on April 29, we have learned. As reported in an editorial, "Among the Missing," in our February 16 issue, Sequeira and three other members of a medical team visiting Rama Key, off Nicaragua's southeast coast, were attacked and abducted by members of the Misurasata guerrilla group in January.

According to Dr. Paula Braveman, an assistant clinical professor in the School of Medicine of the University of California, San Francisco, who led a campaign in this country for Sequeira's release, the captives were later handed over to ARDE, Edén Pastora's group, and released in San José, Costa Rica. Sequeira, who had gunshot wounds in one leg, said that two members of the team had been beaten repeatedly, and that all of them had been subjected to a long forced march. He said he resisted his captors' demands that he make a statement identifying with the *contra* cause.

Regarding the release, Braveman comments, "Sequeira's assessment is that after three months it was clear that he was not susceptible to being used in a propaganda coup, and that the extent of international publicity and pressure made it impossible for his captors to kill him." The members of the medical team were, of course, noncombatants; their capture, a violation of the rules of war. Meanwhile, Congress approves "humanitarian" aid for the anti-Sandinistas.

In his March 9 article, "Test Site for Germ Warfare?" Charles Piller reported on plans to build a $1.4 million biological weapons test laboratory at Dugway Proving Ground in Utah. He also mentioned that the Foundation on Economic Trends had brought suit to bar construction of the lab, charging that the Defense Department had violated the National Environmental Policy Act by failing to file a proper impact statement. On May 31, Federal District Court Judge Joyce Hens Green forbade the Army to build the laboratory, calling the risks of the facility "serious and far-reaching."

As Piller reported, a number of scientists had opposed the project, fearing that the laboratory would have been used to develop biological aerosol agents in violation of the 1972 Convention on the Prohibition of the Development, Production and Stockpiling of Bacteriological (Biological) and Toxin Weapons. There was also concern that gene-splicing experiments would have been conducted, creating the possibility that novel lethal agents could escape into the environment. Critics noted that the new lab would have been only eighty-seven miles from Salt Lake City and that the proving ground is used as a firing range for conventional weapons. Although the facility is now blocked under environmental law, the larger question of whether the Defense Department intends to engage in biological weapons research in violation of the 1972 treaty remains.

Bill Blum and Gina Lobaco, who wrote "Why the Skies Are Unfriendlier," in the June 1 issue, report that the Federal Aviation Agency has released its revised 1984 figures for near-midair collisions. The total is now set at 592, considerably higher than the preliminary figure of 314. (A near-midair collision is one avoided by 500 feet or less.) So for the third year in a row since Ronald Reagan fired the striking air traffic controllers, the skies are unsafe.

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The Peltier Case

Ten years ago this month, two F.B.I. agents were killed in a shoot-out with members of the American Indian Movement on South Dakota's Pine Ridge Reservation. After the agents were wounded and took refuge behind their car, they were approached by an unknown person and shot to death at close range with a high-powered rifle.

Three persons were tried for the crime in two separate trials before two different judges. The first defendants, Bob Robideau and Dino Butler, were acquitted in 1976 on a plea of self-defense. During the second trial, in 1977, A.I.M. member Leonard Peltier was convicted of killing both agents and sentenced to two consecutive life terms in prison by Federal Judge Paul Benson. His appeal to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit was denied. In 1982, his attorneys asked for a new trial, saying they had new evidence. Judge Benson denied their request, but on April 4, 1984, the Court of Appeals ordered him to grant a hearing limited to the consideration of evidence obtained through a Freedom of Information Act lawsuit. Among the 12,000 pages of material released was a teletype dated October 2, 1975, sent by an F.B.I. ballistics expert to his superiors. The teletype, which was not made available to the defense during the original trial, indicates that the gun alleged to have been used by Peltier could not have fired the bullets whose casings were found near the bodies.

The evidentiary hearing was convened in Bismarck, North Dakota, on October 1, 1984. Defense lawyers argued that the government's failure to disclose the teletype violated Peltier's due process rights and the court should order a new trial. F.B.I. ballistics specialists testified for the prosecution that the shell casings referred to in the teletype were not the "critical" ones found near the bodies, which they said they had not yet examined at the time the teletype was sent.

Toward the end of the hearing, John Privitera, one of Peltier's attorneys, noticed that with the ballistics report were notes in an unidentified handwriting which linked the shell casings to the gun Peltier allegedly used to murder the agents. The discovery contradicted the testimony of the F.B.I.'s chief ballistics expert, who stated under oath that only he and his assistant had prepared the report. Privitera contended it was highly suspicious that the handwriting on the notes was not that of the ballistics expert or his assistant but of an unidentified person. The prosecution had described the ballistics expert's testimony at the original trial as its "most critical piece of evidence."

After Judge Benson granted the defense's request to call an analyst to determine whether the unfamiliar handwriting belonged to a third person, the hearing was adjourned, only to be reconvened by the prosecution moments later. The F.B.I.'s expert returned to the stand and claimed that he "misspoke" in his earlier testimony, thus avoiding a possible perjury charge. He admitted that the strange handwriting did belong to a third person, although he did not identify that person or say why that handwriting did not appear on any of the other notes.

In November, the government announced that the handwriting belonged to an agent trainee named William Albrecht, who had worked in the office for a short time during the investigation. Peltier's attorneys argued that the F.B.I.'s inability to identify immediately the third person who had helped prepare the crucial ballistics report cast doubt on the ballistics expert's testimony at the hearing and left the teletype's conclusion standing.

Nevertheless, on May 22, Judge Benson denied the request for a new trial. "Because the October 2, 1975, teletype . . . would not have affected the outcome of the trial, and does not create a reasonable doubt that did not otherwise exist, Peltier has failed to establish constitutional error," he wrote. Surely a teletype that had been withheld from the defense and that discredited what the prosecution considered the key evidence in the trial casts a reasonable doubt on the constitutionality of the prosecution's tactics.

What about the mysterious handwriting and the dramatic turnaround of the F.B.I.'s expert? According to Judge Benson, the fact that the ballistics expert "could correct an error he had made in his earlier testimony adds to, rather than detracts from, his credibility." His reasoning makes sense only if one agrees that recanting testimony at the last minute to avoid a perjury charge enhances a witness's credibility.

This is the third time Leonard Peltier's case has come before Judge Benson, and the third time Judge Benson has denied him due process. Before the evidentiary hearing, Peltier's lawyers petitioned the Court of Appeals to issue a writ of mandamus removing Judge Benson from the case on the ground that statements he made out of court showed bias against Native Americans in general and Peltier in particular. The court postponed a decision on the petition pending the outcome of the hearing.

Last week, Representative Don Edwards, chair of the House Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, charged that the evidence before Judge Benson clearly indicated "government abuse of the investigative process, suppression of evidence and falsehood." Edwards plans to file an amicus curiae brief, signed by 100 of his colleagues, calling for a new trial.

Peltier's appeal of Judge Benson's decision is expected to be argued before the Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit this fall. In a statement last week, Peltier said, "A fair trial is supposed to be the right of every American. All I ask for is this right."

NICHOLAS HENTOFF

Nicholas Hentoff has written on Native American issues for The Wall Street Journal, The Village Voice *and* The New York Times.

COMING UP

Michael T. Klare:
"A Blueprint for the Peace Movement"

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

The debate in Congress on aid for the state-supported terrorist campaign against Nicaragua was terrible to behold. Barely one of the participants can understand or apply the basic rules of logic, argument or debate. This doesn't matter so much in the case of the Reaganites, who know what they want and don't much care how they get it. For them, it is a question of marking time, through various stratagems of boycott and "packages" of aid, until the great day comes when they can obediently claim that they tried everything but that their patience is now exhausted. In the case of the Democrats, however, the use of language and reasoning signifies more. They apparently do not want a war. But, equally important, they do not want to be accused of not wanting one. Listen, for example, to the distinguished Senator from Iowa Tom Harkin, on June 7:

> If Senators want to permit humanitarian aid to these *contras*, again, as I said, I can accept that, and, clearly, the majority voted in that way yesterday.
>
> But I would submit, and I would hope, that most of the Senators would not want to permit the Central Intelligence Agency or the Department of Defense to distribute this so-called humanitarian aid.

Forget, if you can, the wheedling, unctuous tone, which makes Uriah Heep look like Genghis Khan. Notice, instead, the flagrant non sequitur. Harkin accepts "humanitarian aid," a term that needs no more ridicule from me, but he has craven doubts about the means of its transmission. If you will the end, mister, you will the means. Who do you propose to distribute the handouts? The Elks Club?

Non sequitur has been at the heart of the arguments about Nicaragua. To say that the F.S.L.N. censors *La Prensa* and therefore the United States should give subventions to the terrorists is a logical and moral absurdity. It would be so even if the leaders of the terrorists had not burned down the offices of *La Prensa* when they were in power. To say, as Senator Joseph Biden did the day before Harkin's speech, that "a hands-off policy would be equally, if not more, likely to lead to war" is not a non sequitur so much as a means of having it both ways. But when Biden urged that "the aid be distributed by the State Department from State Department funds in order to minimize the dangers arising from the presence and involvement of U.S. military or C.I.A. personnel in the field," he advanced into a swamp of contradiction.

High marks in this department also go to Senator Christopher Dodd, who showed how softheaded the hardheaded can be in his first few moments on his feet:

> It seems to me at some point in this debate we ought to get back on track and start talking about what is in our interests, not in the *contras'* interests, not in the Sandinistas' interests, not in the Salvadorans' interests or anyone else's interests but what is in our interests. I do not believe we have done that.

Dodd should relax. Nobody's going to accuse him of being unpatriotic. It's just that the debate was about Nicaragua, its sovereignty and its people. That sovereignty includes the right of Daniel Ortega to visit Moscow, which is just where, in his lucid moments, Dodd accuses Reagan of driving him. Let Ortega actually go, however, and all that is forgotten in a welter of protective non sequitur-mongering.

It is less easy to find logical fault with Democrats like Lloyd Bentsen, Sam Nunn or David Boren, who take the uncomplicated view that the United States owns the Central American isthmus and has a right to do as it pleases. The most deplorable politicians are the ones who vote even against their own speeches and against the remnants of their own principles, selling themselves for an imagined "leverage" in order to "send a signal." It's shameful that the only intelligent speech in two days of driveling came from a Republican, Mark Hatfield of Oregon, who said:

> When we create the image of a threat to America by this little Central American republic today, we are also creating a responsibility that will ultimately be ours to destroy it. And if the forces that are operating there today cannot demonstrate capability to destroy it, then we have no other option but to introduce our own forces to destroy "this great threat to the American republic."
>
> In the debate in April we had a hate-in—everybody said, "I hate the Sandinistas more than you do; I just hate them differently."

(Hatfield, as Governor of Oregon, was the only member of the National Governors Conference to take a stand against the Gulf of Tonkin resolution in 1965.)

What I came to realize, while reading the abject babbling of the Democrats, was the difference between a crisis and "a crisis." For me, Nicaragua was at its most critical when there was no revolution, no resistance, nothing but subjection. For these gents, the country became noticeable only when it became troublesome. They felt no sense of urgency then, but they seem to think something is expected of them now, and they take their faltering tune from the vicious ignoramus in the White House. May their willingness to swallow anything cause them to choke horribly, and bring a blush to the cheeks of descendants yet unborn.

* * *

> Karl Marx studied the methods of setting the world on new foundations, and wakened those who were asleep, and showed them how to cast down the broken props. . . . not only a titanic stimulator of the wrath of European workers, but also showed great insight into the causes of human misery and the destiny of men, a man driven by a burning desire to do good. He saw in everyone what he carried in himself: rebellion, the highest ideals, struggle. . . . [an] ardent reformer, uniter of men of different peoples, and tireless, powerful organizer. The International was his creation: men of all nations come to honor him.

Thus José Martí, delivering Marx's eulogy at Cooper Union in New York City on March 20, 1883. No doubt the Reagan Administration will see to it that this luminous oration is beamed to Cuba in the interests of fairness and freedom of the airwaves.

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DISPATCHES.

■ ISRAEL: Potomac Espionage

Stephen Bryen is a low-profile but highly influential Defense Department official. As Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy, he and his boss, Assistant Secretary Richard Perle, are perhaps the most effective proponents of neoconservative positions on such matters as arms control, technology transfer and the Middle East. But for the past seven years, Bryen has had the threat of prosecution hanging over him. He is alleged to have leaked government documents to the Israelis, and whenever the issue seems to have gone away, like herpes it breaks out again.

The trouble began in March 1978, when Bryen was working for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and a debate on the sale of F-15 fighters to Saudi Arabia was in progress. While breakfasting in Washington's posh Madison Hotel with some top Israeli military officials, he was overheard saying, "I have the Pentagon document on the bases, which you are welcome to see." The eavesdropper was Michael Saba, a businessman and, unluckily for Bryen, former executive director of the National Association of Arab Americans. Recognizing Bryen as a staff member of the Senate Committee, he promptly notified the Justice Department, which called in the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The taint of the investigation forced Bryen to quit his job, and the probe was called off. The case was never presented to a grand jury; apparently the Carter Administration felt the matter was too explosive to air at a time when the President was trying to get Anwar el-Sadat and Menachem Begin to agree at Camp David. Moreover, Senators Clifford Case (Bryen's boss) and Henry Jackson (Richard Perle's) brought strong pressure to bear on the Justice Department to drop the case.

But Saba persisted. The N.A.A.A. filed a Freedom of Information Act request in 1980 for 600 pages of pertinent Justice Department documents. After the government refused to release certain classified materials, the association brought suit in Federal District Court. In a preliminary ruling on February 20 of this year, the court ordered additional documents disclosed, and Bryen's troubles returned. What has been released thus far strongly suggests there is sufficient evidence to prosecute him for unauthorized disclosure of classified information, if not also for espionage.

The document Bryen allegedly volunteered to show the Israelis was titled "DOD Analysis of the Saudi Arabian Request to Purchase F-15 Fighter Aircraft." The F.B.I. found Bryen's fingerprints on it, and he admitted to having obtained it the night before his meeting with the Israelis. An April 20, 1978, Justice memorandum to the F.B.I. reports that a Congressional aide told a Justice attorney that Bryen "may have been disclosing classified information to the Government of Israel over a period of years."

At one point in the investigation, F.B.I. agent Stephen Pletcher told Bryen that he had assembled "a good circumstantial case" that Zvi Rafiah, a counselor at the Israeli Embassy, had routinely issued orders to Bryen. But on the advice of counsel, Bryen would answer questions only about the breakfast meeting; he refused to tell the F.B.I. anything about his contacts with Israeli diplomats and shunned a lie-detector test.

Bryen's fate probably hinges on the court's ruling on several F.O.I.A. documents still in dispute. One is a January 26, 1979, memorandum written by John Davitt, chief of the Internal Security Section of the Justice Department's Criminal Division, describing why the case should be pressed. It begins:

> We agreed that the investigation could not be terminated. . . . The second option and the one which we urge strongly is to complete this important inquiry before an investigative grand jury. Some of the unresolved questions thus far . . . suggest that Bryen is (a) gathering classified information for the Israelis, (b) acting as their unregistered agent, and (c) lying about it.

The rest of the five-page memorandum is still censored. But the court has ordered the Justice Department to "set forth in more detail the nature of that memorandum and explain why it is impossible to release any factual portions of it."

Bryen may yet have his day in court.

■ SAUDI ARABIA: The King According to Luce

The oil glut has brought an end to the Saudi Era. Many ambitious but still unfinished development projects have been cut way back or eliminated. The political ramifications of the belt-tightening are undoubtedly the subject of many State Department and C.I.A. cables. All the Saudi ministries—as well as the citizenry—will be closely watched for signs of disaffection toward the royal family.

As a reminder of how far the kingdom has traveled in three decades, we provide the following curious report from the pen of Henry Luce. It comes from a memo, written in April 1956, to the editor of *Life*, Edward Thompson:

> So, this is my excuse to give you the latest up to the minute horse's mouth dope on the situation in the royal palace at Jedda. The preoccupation of the palace is copulation and since the life of the nation is centered on the King, it is the King's Kinsey report that is at the center of Saudi life. You will be pleased to hear that the number of pregnancies in the harem at the moment is exactly 22. They are the responsibility of a German woman doctor. She has an even more important job than the pregnancies—it is her responsibility, on pain of death, to ensure that the daily ration of womanflesh is clean. There are more authoritative details I could provide you but why tell you things you can't print? Anyway, it is American Oil that provides not only the Cadillacs—everybody's heard about that—but also a fresh every-hour harem. By the way, girls are also supplied to the harem from the U.S.

■ NEW YORK CITY: 'Time' Covers the Big One

Henry Luce was one publishing magnate who did not take the threat of nuclear war lightly. When the cold war turned

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KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

hot in Korea, in June 1950, he ordered a team of top executives to plan and implement measures "to be taken in anticipation of possible destructive bombing of our main offices in New York and/or production plants in the various cities where we print or from which we draw paper supplies."

Those preparations are described in exhaustive detail in an eleven-page memorandum stored at the Eisenhower Presidential Library in Abilene, Kansas, and contained in the files of C.D. Jackson, who from the late 1930s until his death, in 1964, served as Luce's right-hand man. Dated January 14, 1954, the document begins by stating why preparations should be made and why it is essential that *Time* continue to publish:

> In the event of the outbreak of war . . . it lies well within the capabilities of the Russians to carry out an atomic or hydrogen bomb attack which would neutralize New York City, as well as other metropolitan areas, as functioning parts of the economy for at least several weeks . . . [and] require the declaration of martial law throughout most of the devastated areas. . . .
>
> Even under the worst circumstances we believe it would be desirable from a corporate viewpoint and by reason of the national interest in the dissemination of the news, to continue the operations of TIME Inc. by distributing at least one newsweekly to as large a group of the total subscription lists of our publications as it would be possible to do so under the circumstances.

The memo goes on to list measures that had already been taken—among them, providing civil-defense staff members with "the proper number of flashlights, arm bands, whistles, keys and sink stoppers." (The last item was, perhaps, to assist holocaust survivors in collecting uncontaminated water.) The planners at *Time* soon recognized, however, that some of the company's 2,500 employees in New York could, or should, not be saved: "It was further agreed that in the event of a major disaster TIME Inc. did not have the physical or financial ability to provide other than temporary relief for the members of its staff who were not required in the reorganization of the business."

Indeed, only a "nucleus force" of employees would carry on. This staff would be made up of "key personnel who, if they should survive, would be capable of continuing publishing activities from some central point." The executives responsible decided "it was inadvisable to have such lists circulated in advance," though not because they feared the effect on employee morale. The lists were kept confidential because "no one knows who would be available after a disaster and that the least likely person might be the most desired employee." In 1951, *Time* conducted a test of its emergency procedures, sending a skeleton editorial force to Chicago on short notice. The memo reports that the staff successfully produced a sample "department" of the magazine.

Following a nuclear attack, correspondents could no longer file their stories at *Time*'s editorial offices in Manhattan. The planners chose Springdale, Connecticut (thirty-four miles from the city), as the emergency headquarters for New York employees, with the option of later transferring operations to Chicago if that city was still standing. Steps were taken to prepare the Springdale office to function in an emergency. The executives deposited $75,000 in a local bank, stocked up on emergency medical supplies and provided "a warehouse and a paved parking area, fenced in to handle an influx of cars, 9,000 gallons of gasoline in storage, and other miscellaneous supplies." Emergency telephone and teletype lines were also put in to bypass public facilities as much as possible. While the planners recognized the possibility that the government would commandeer those lines if a nuclear disaster struck, they believed that they had to go ahead anyway. Such a system would be impossible to obtain after an attack, because "the military and everyone else [would be] screaming for such equipment."

As exhaustive as these plans were, they contain no comments about editorial input. One is left guessing what Luce might have had in mind for the first postnuclear edition, though undoubtedly he would have demanded an upbeat cover. Perhaps "America Bounces Back," or "Ninety Years Left in the American Century." Would there be a Mutant of the Year?

■ COLOMBIA: The Carlos Connection

Carlos, the notorious international killer, surfaced on Spanish television recently in an interview filmed at a Colombian hide-out. The Venezuelan fugitive was allegedly the brains behind numerous terrorist spectaculars, including the massacre of Israeli athletes at the 1972 Summer Olympic Games in Munich.

Apparently having forsaken the beleaguered Palestine Liberation Organization, Carlos has become involved with Armenians seeking to avenge the genocide suffered by their forebears at the hands of the Turks. In the interview he told viewers, "We have links with the Armenian terrorist organizations. We help each other in every way and we collaborate closely."

With characteristic immodesty, Carlos also claimed that his operatives totally control the South American drug traffic. He insisted that dealing narcotics should not be considered a crime because Americans need drugs to cope with their lives. His primary motive, however, seemed to be raising money to finance his revolutionary activities. Drug dealing, Carlos said, "is our most effective weapon; we can say it is our nuclear weapon. The narcotics trade enables us to continue our struggle against imperialist forces."

It seems his new colleagues did not approve. "My Armenian friends at first disagreed with me on this issue and they resisted me," he explained. "I was even tried before a court they set up, but I was found innocent." If Armenian extremists have in fact embraced Carlos, it may bring them more headlines, but little else. Carlos's previous clients have nothing to show for his alleged efforts on their behalf.

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ARTICLES.

POLAND DIARY

Bitter Hope in A Cold Climate

In August 1980, Polish strikers astonished the world by winning the right to set up free trade unions. In December 1981, the tanks of Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski brought this extraordinary experiment to a tragic end. Four years later, Daniel Singer went back to Poland to find out whether the mood of the people has been more influenced by the hopes aroused by Solidarity or the despair provoked by the military coup.
—The Editors

DANIEL SINGER

Friday, February 15. It's getting dark. My wife, Jeanne, and I land at Okiecie, the Warsaw airport. The temperature is 19 degrees below freezing. We go through passport and customs control more quickly than on previous visits. Then it's more like in the past. Standing in line outside the terminal and speaking a foreign language, we are picked up by a "private," a driver making money on the side. "How are things compared with 1981?" I ask. He answers in economic terms: "Different. Fewer lines, but goods are more expensive." He moves on to the topic of the day, the proposed increase in retail prices. "They will abolish ration books—that's good—but wages won't keep up." Yet will they put prices up across the board? Between 1970 and 1980 such a rise was a signal for the working class to down its tools and show its muscle.

Warsaw is beautiful—all dressed in white. The snow conceals the squalor of decaying buildings. Even the notorious Palace of Culture, a pastrycook's nightmare, blends into the landscape. The carefully restored three-story houses on the fashionable Krakowskie Przedmiescie (Krakow Suburbs) look like the setting for a romantic play. Only few actors are onstage. The new palaces for tourists, the Forum and the Victoria, are like Hiltons. We have chosen to stay at the Europejski, which was built in the nineteenth century and was popular between the wars.

Once in our room, we switch on the television set to get the latest news about the political prisoners. Seven Solidarity leaders had met with Lech Walesa in Gdansk to discuss several matters, particularly the possibility of a fifteen-minute token strike in response to the trial of Father Jerzy Popieluszko's accused murderers, the projected price hike and so on. The police arrested them all except Walesa, then released four, leaving Wladyslaw Frasyniuk from Wroclaw, Bogdan Lis from Gdansk and Adam Michnik from Warsaw under provisional arrest. That was two days ago, and according to Polish law they should now be either released or indicted. But the case is not mentioned in the news. Warsaw friends I telephone are following the reports of foreign radio stations. The three are kept in jail, accused of endangering peace, order and whatnot. [The verdict in their trial was pending as we went to press—*Eds.*]

Saturday, February 16. I awake to the sight of snow blanketing the city. It reminds me of my childhood. We can't see Victory Square next to the hotel because it is surrounded by a wooden fence. Construction? No. This is where demonstrators used to gather and lay cross-shaped wreaths. Suppressing symbols is significant in Poland.

The first person I ask about the mood of the people is a poet. "Undoubtedly, weariness. To some extent, apathy. Despair, certainly not," he says. "Imagine a crab that got out of its shell, stretched in the sun, relaxed. You will never get it back into its carapace." The divorce between the rulers and the majority of the population, he explains, is deeper even than it was right after the military coup. Some people then had illusions about the material benefits of a return to "normalcy." The regime might have gained some sympathy from the amnesty for political prisoners it proclaimed last year had that been handled differently, or from the trial and conviction of the policemen who murdered Father Popieluszko. After all, it is unusual for any regime to undermine one of its pillars. Yet the way in which the trial was conducted, with the victim appearing at least as guilty as the murderers, had the opposite effect.

While talking about the trial, the poet told me a joke too deliciously surreal not to be repeated here. A Polish dissident is arrested and charged with attempting to integrate Soviet Kazakhstan into Poland. "You're crazy. Look at the map, it's utterly impossible," he objects. The prosecutor proceeds unperturbed: "I didn't claim it was possible, merely that you tried to achieve it."

Another joke may help you to follow me along this journey, the story of a Pole coming back from a trip in the United States and telling his friends that things there are exactly the same as at home. "With the zloty you can't buy a thing, and with the dollar you can buy everything." As long as the Pewex shops exist, which sell otherwise unavailable goods for foreign currency, the joke possesses a bitter truth.

The official rate of exchange is 139 zlotys to the dollar. This is rather favorable to the visitor, yet the black-market rate is more than four times higher, over 600 zlotys to the dollar. Crazy. At that rate you can have a three-course meal in the medieval surroundings of the Bazyliszek restaurant in Warsaw—the equivalent of, say, the Edwardian Room at the Plaza Hotel in New York City—for less than you would pay for a snack at a cheap breakfast joint in the States. The high black-market rate reflects distrust of the national currency, a desire for travel abroad and the demand for goods in Pewex shops. The authorities tolerate such an anomaly because it brings in hard currency. The amount of dollars

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hoarded in Polish stockings or suitcases is loosely estimated to be between $1 billion and $3 billion. In 1981 there was an argument on this score in Solidarity between economists, who were in favor of keeping the system on financial grounds, and workers, who were against it on moral ones. How distant that controversy seems now.

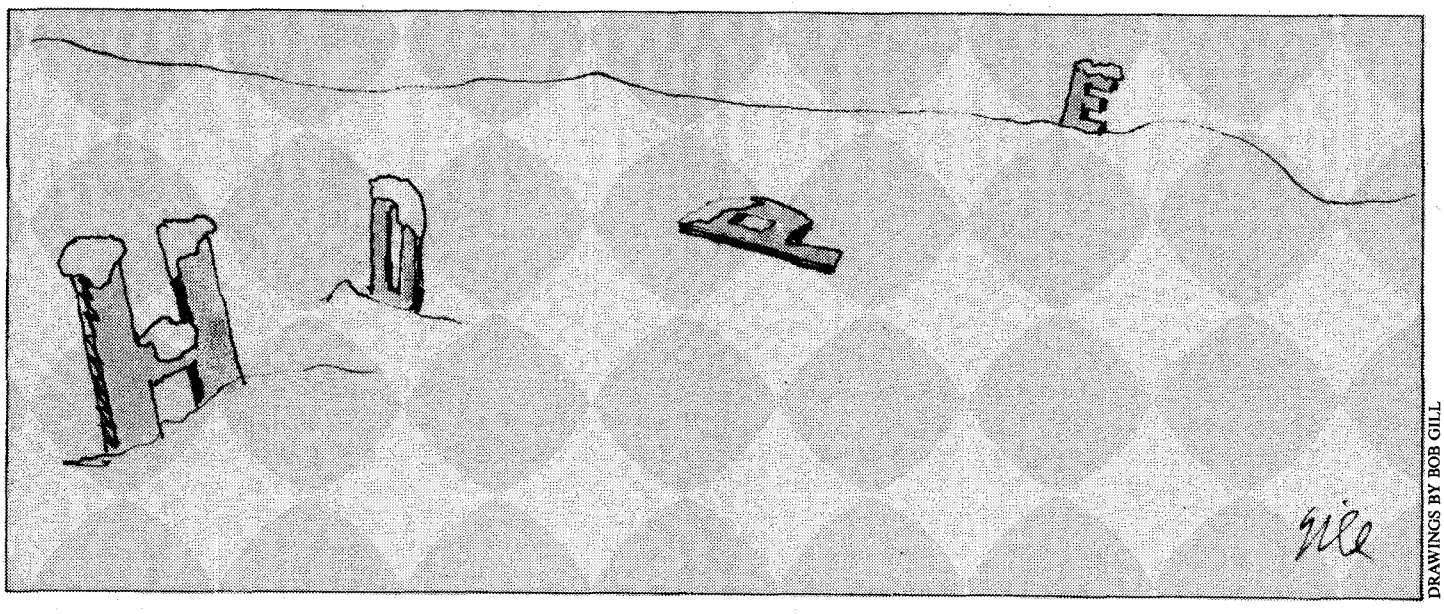
Krysia Litynska joins us for a meal at the bar of the Europejski. I am very fond of her. When I am speaking in New York and somebody says at question time, "Those Poles are all anti-Semites. Let them stew in their own juice," I stress the absurdity of lumping all Poles together, often with Krysia's image before my eyes: curly blond hair, blue eyes and a Mickey Mouse impishness. So soft and tender, she has proved unyielding when important principles are at stake. But she is not spoiling for a fight. When tensions rose within the press services of Solidarity, she tiptoed back to her job as a psychologist in a Warsaw welfare clinic, where she still works time and a half to make ends meet (10,000 zlotys monthly salary, plus 5,000 in overtime).

That very morning she had discussed my question about the mood of the people with a colleague, who tended to equate opposition to Jaruzelski with support for Solidarity. Krysia told him, "You can't expect all of the people to be heroic all of the time. They have wives, small children and must survive in really tough conditions. So they will shut up when they shouldn't and not take risks when they should. They are not very proud of it. They may take to drink. They may even end up as my patients." When she echoes the classic complaint of psychoanalysts—Why should I help them fit into that sort of society?—I am with her. When she goes on to contrast her easy life with the hardships of her patients, I object. Krysia is the wife of Janek Litynski, a mathematician turned dissident and one of the co-founders of KOR, the Committee for the Defense of Workers. Since the military coup, Janek has moved from jail to a clandestine life, acting now as the closest collaborator with Zbigniew Bujak, the Warsaw underground leader. All this can hardly be conducive to an easy life. "Right, but I've chosen my fate," Krysia says.

Sunday, February 17. No day of rest. We get up very early and take a cab waiting outside the hotel. While public transport in Warsaw is better than it was three and a half years ago, taxis are fewer and privates have almost vanished. The reason is strict gasoline rationing. Ordinary motorists get enough to drive only about 185 miles a month, and cabbies claim their workweek has been roughly halved. We are going to Zoliborz, to the Church of St. Stanislaw. Street vendors sell candles in cups, and people throng in greater numbers than for a regular mass. The modern church building is plain; the extraordinary is around it in the wreaths, posters, banners and flags of Solidarity surrounding the tombs. This is Father Popieluszko's church, to which coachloads of pilgrims are coming from all over Poland.

That this church should replace the Lenin Shipyards as a popular shrine is symbolic. Popieluszko was no ordinary priest. The ecclesiastical authorities had wanted to silence him. Jozef Cardinal Glemp didn't wish him buried here. His funeral, attended by half a million people, was hailed as a triumph for Solidarity. But with this move from factory to church, the emphasis shifts provisionally from social struggle to moral resistance, a trend encouraged by the government's refusal to debate with an independent labor movement. A point to ponder.

One of the real forces of the movement, Jacek Kuron, lives almost next door to the church. Though just over 50, he has a long, militant past. He was jailed more than twenty years ago, together with an even younger Karol Modzelewski, for writing a pamphlet called "Open Letter to the Party," in which they contrasted Polish reality with socialist principles. Nine years ago he was a moving spirit in KOR. In 1980, his modest three-room flat in a big housing project was a crucial clearinghouse for news from factories, helping the national strike reach its climax in Gdansk. Jacek used to be a tower of strength. He now looks thin and rather weary. Thirty-one additional months in jail after the coup could not have done that. While he was in prison, he lost Grazyna, his wife, whom he once described to us as his



DRAWINGS BY BOB GILL

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indispensable anchor. Maybe seeing Jeanne with me accounts for his weariness. He shares the flat with his son's family and proudly shows us his bouncing grandson. Must we wait till his generation?

Kuron livens up when we talk about politics. "I can't make heads or tails of what the government's after," he says. "They've messed up the apparatchiks and are now trying to meet them halfway. In the process they're endangering their relations with the church. They're really losing both ways. It's been suggested that what was at stake in the internal debate over the Popieluszko affair was the power of decision-making. Who defines the enemy, the general or the lowest security officer supervising a block of flats? If that's so, the government is in a sorry state.

"The rulers were once frightened of what might happen if workers' blood was shed, and they watched the big factories apprehensively. This gave us scope for maneuvering and political bargaining. After the military coup, they got rid of this taboo. The organized pressure from society is stronger than ever, but the authorities are less sensitive to that pressure. Under the circumstances, we should start anew, progressively taking over the factory councils, the local authorities and proceeding upward step by step. But such a strategy requires time. There is no guarantee that the economy will hold up for that long. The whole thing may explode or the Vistula may stop flowing."

Before World War II, a section of Zoliborz near where Kuron lives was a stronghold of the socialists and communists. In one of the nine "colonies," as these blocks were called, lives Janek Strzelecki, a distinguished sociologist and a former adviser to the strikers. He tackles my question from another angle, the disappearance of the center in Polish politics. "The men within Solidarity who pressed for a compromise with the authorities or those within the party who pleaded in favor of coming to terms with the labor movement haven't a leg to stand on, at least for the time being," he says. "The government can only talk with itself. The search for compromise is pure make-believe. Still, I wouldn't talk of despair—except possibly among the very young who hoped for everything here and now, many of whom contract out of politics. Otherwise, most people hang on, trying to preserve some form of moral dignity until another ray of hope."

We have just time to eat something in a popular restaurant, cheap by our standards, though not when set against official Polish salaries. Reminded of the Polish puzzle: Workers earn 18,000 zlotys a month and spend 22,000. How do they live?

That evening we have dinner at a private home. Among those present are Tadeusz Mazowiecki, a progressive Catholic who, during the 1980 strike in Gdansk, presided over the "commission of experts" (intellectuals helping the strikers) and later edited Solidarity's main newspaper; and his companion during that time, Bronek Geremek, an internationally known medievalist. They were called the Christian Castor and agnostic Pollux. [Geremek was recently fired from his job at the Academy of Sciences—*Eds.*] Tadeusz—slim, sad-eyed, soft-spoken—refused to simplify: "After the amnesty, released activists would come and ask me whether we had any contacts with the authorities, any prospect for negotiation. Five minutes later in the same conversation, the same people would swear that talks with the Reds were now ruled out forever." He is not mocking them, just pointing out the contradiction in their minds between the necessity for and the impossibility of a dialogue. Tempers, he adds, are now increasingly difficult to control. He was at St. Stanislaw's Church the evening the dead priest's body was found. "The church was packed," he says. "We had a dilemma—should we tell or not? Finally, the priest came out, announced the terrible news and immediately began to pray: 'Forgive us our sins as we forgive those of our enemies.' And they accuse us of preaching violence and spreading hatred."

Geremek picks up the thread, asking, "What is the government trying to do? Destroy Solidarity and exhaust society until it becomes entirely passive? It could have sought this aim through prosperity or through fear. After six years of declining living standards, the first solution—the Hungarian road—is out. Terror was a possibility. The regime could have tried to revive a Stalinist system minus the ideology. Instead, for all sorts of reasons, it opted for an eclectic approach."

"Long live eclecticism, which saved our skins," laughs Mazowiecki. (I take his remark seriously, because in December 1981 there were persistent rumors that he had been executed.) Geremek concludes gloomily, "I am frightened by the mortgaging of the future, by massive divestment, by the prospect of ecological catastrophe. We must prepare, particularly in the factories, for the next, inevitable crisis."

Monday, February 18. On the street, people look well-dressed in sheepskin coats. There are more goods in the shop windows and on the shelves than when I was last here. Lines are no longer the rule, though you can see them, for example, outside Wedel, which sells candy, or wherever the rumor mill reports the arrival of an interesting shipment. We may be more sensitive to the improvement because in 1981 the whole nation seemed to be standing in line. Poles emphasize the shortage of meat, the prohibitive price of coffee, oranges and lemons, and the generally high cost of all goods.

We go to KIK, the Catholic Intellectuals Club, to meet Prof. Zdzislaw Szpakowski, a youthful face under a white mane, with whom I have become friendly discussing problems of worker self-management. This was one of the most encouraging developments during the sixteen months of freedom. In early 1980, Poles would not hear of "workers' councils" running factories; they were not going to be fooled a second time. The following summer, *samorzad* ("self-management") was being discussed everywhere. In a country where the means of production are nationalized, the progressive idea that power should be exercised at all levels by the working people was thrust on the movement. Szpakowski was one of those trying to see how this theory could be turned into practice. He tells me that, shat-

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tered by the military coup, Solidarity has not pursued the idea since.

One of the great achievements of the underground is the proliferation of its press. It is a pity that some of the space wasted on whitewashing 1930s reactionary leaders or on translations of shallow Western anti-Communist tracts is not more profitably devoted to a debate on how to give social content to Solidarity's slogan of a "self-governing republic." More's the pity because the absence of a clear alternative was, in my opinion, the union's main weakness.

Tuesday, February 19. We are back where it all started—in Gdansk, near the Lenin Shipyards. Our favorite banner, which read, "Long Live the Polish Working Class, the Leading Force of the Nation," has been taken down. Put up for a Communist Party festival, this empty slogan acquired new meaning in 1980, when the workers of Gdansk proclaimed that their interests were the superior interests of society. Hanging throughout the reign of Solidarity, the sign probably was removed after Jaruzelski's tanks went into action. No one could pretend that Poland was ruled by its proletariat.

Our usual hotel has no heat, so we move to the more expensive and cosmopolitan Heweliusz (where many scenes from Andrzej Wajda's film *Man of Iron* were shot). From the fourteenth floor we look out on the whole city: the cranes of the shipyards on one side, the Gothic churches and Renaissance buildings on the other. Gdansk, too, finds white very becoming, and the old town has been restored with the same loving care as Warsaw has. We barely have time to glance at the ancient town hall because Joanna—whom, as they would say here, I met "before the war," that is, before December 1981—has, with proverbial Polish hospitality, put all available food on the table and invited many friends. I am particularly pleased to meet Andrzej Kolodziej, the youngest of the 1980 strike leaders. Revolutions give opportunities to youth. Walesa, 36 at the time of the strike, was "old" and, in a sense, he still belonged to the generation of peasants turned workers. The rising leaders—Bujak, Frasyniuk, Lis—were ten years younger. Kolodziej was the "baby"—only 20 when he headed the strike at the Gdynia Shipyards, near Gdansk.

The past is not our subject. Andrzej, a tall, bearded fellow, claims that while discontent is widespread and the price hike very unpopular, many people feel you just can't do much against the "Commies"—meaning the government. (The Polish word is "*Komuna*," as in the Commune of Paris, and this always grates on my nerves. When they say "Reds," the other term used, I have to remind myself they mean rulers, not rebels.) He then draws a distinction between the fully committed activists, who are few, and those who read the literature or attend protest masses, who are many. Mariusz Wilk, who takes up the conversation, is slender and five years older than Andrzej, though he doesn't look it. He was one of the Solidarity delegates arrested and released the previous week. He is also co-author of the *samizdat* best seller *Konspira*, a collection of tape-recorded interviews with underground leaders. "There may be no more than 50,000 professional revolutionaries in Andrzej's narrow sense of the term," Wilk says. "Bujak claims there are about 300,000 union militants and around 1.2 million active sympathizers. The snag is that the workers can easily be downgraded, isolated, kicked out. The decision to stage a fifteen-minute strike was not unanimous because critics pointed out that the risks involved in a token strike were as great as in a more serious trial of strength." Bujak later discusses a broader strategy: "We must get entrenched in the factories, consolidate our position through everyday union activity. We must show the workers all over again that together we can defend our interests and get concrete results."

That evening we are impressed by the number of police patrols on the streets checking papers. I haven't seen so many since Paris 1968. Here, too, young people are the main targets. In the dimly lit, medieval center of the city, the atmosphere is strange, as if on the eve of battle.

Wednesday, February 20. Some confusion about the timing of our meeting with Lech Walesa. We check with Father Henryk Jankowski at St. Brigyda's Church. He rings Lech, who expects us. "Grab a cab and hurry over," Lech says. Easier said than done in the snowbound city. Finally, we get into a taxi which takes us to a huge housing project in a distant suburb. We stop at the corner of the block of flats where Walesa lives. Jeanne draws my attention to a red car with two plainclothesmen in it, parked opposite the stairway to the apartment. I am looking for the floor, when Henryk, ex-sailor and Lech's bodyguard, recognizes me and invites us in. It is the modest flat of a workingman, not a dignitary. The dining room has been turned into an office. Walesa, back from the shipyards, walks in wearing blue jeans, a tartan shirt. He is slightly heavier than three and a half years ago.

"It takes two to tango," I begin the interview. "How will you force Jaruzelski to cooperate?"

"Nowhere does anybody get anything for nothing. We probably won't get much or, to be more precise, society will get something thanks to our stubbornness. But another development is also possible—a new, wiser and better version of August 1980."

"In the meantime, can one take over and make use of the 'self-governing' factory councils?"

"You can enter existing bodies and do things within them or you can stay out, prepare for the inevitable confrontation and then impose solutions you had worked out in advance," Walesa replies. "You can take one road or the other, only you must know where you are heading."

"People abroad are impressed by the role labor has played in the struggle in Poland," I remark.

"It's not just a labor movement—even though within it, one is particularly impressed by the power of the workers: sharp, precise, determined. The conflict is an old one. It is more spectacular here because our economy is more inefficient and the conflict comes to the surface when the workers say no in a decisive way. . . . This system won't get better

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until society feels it is its own master, whereas now it feels that it cannot manage, that it won't be allowed to do so. And the rulers can make promises, pressure us, shoot us, but they won't get anywhere. The rulers have no chance of extricating themselves by simply tightening the reins, because this society can fight; it was born to fight. To get it to act differently, you would have to show it results. Now it can't see them. . . .

"People have no hope of an immediate solution," he continues. "They are looking forward to favorable circumstances and to the time they can once again say no, can move toward the solutions proposed by Solidarity, or even beyond. . . . All the recent events have been an accelerated course in democracy. . . . I think we have gone through it particularly fast."

He then outlines for me the difference between labor movements in Poland, where there is only one employer, the state, and in the Western world:

"Here you can't just say 'workers,' because the whole working society has a common denominator of losses and limitations. For the worker it means that he earns little and is cheated; for the writer, that he is not allowed to write or told to write as he doesn't wish to; for the teacher, that he must say things that are untrue, that he does not believe in. Thus all are in some way oppressed by the system."

"I understand. What I meant was simply that the labor movement is the main force expressing the interests of society."

"It was, it is and it always will be, because it is a powerful force. When it puts down its tools, the production of goods stops."

At our first meeting, in 1980, I asked him how he kept his cool in the heat of the strike, and he replied dead seriously, "Because the Virgin Mary stood by me." I have been puzzled by the man. But also full of admiration for his gift for dealing with the media, his uncanny feel for the mood of the workers. My respect has been heightened by his conduct since the military coup—he has almost never made a wrong move.

In the tense confrontation between church and state there appeared the possibility of a compromise at the expense of Solidarity, and Cardinal Glemp gave the impression that he was tempted. Such a deal, however, required Walesa's blessing for what would have meant a split in the labor movement. He refused and went out of his way to identify with the men fighting underground and those thrown into jail. His only weakness results from the government's determination to have nothing to do with an independent labor movement. The general is ready to dance with the Pope, not with the proletariat.

As we walk to the railway station along the footpath Walesa takes every day on his way to work, I am thinking of the ease with which the Nobel Prize winner has gone back to his job as an electrician in the shipyards. There among his co-workers or here at a housing project he is in his element. For all his Catholicism, he is the symbol of the crucial proletarian strand in Solidarity. □

THE BANK-FAILURE WAVE

Will It Be the Crash Next Time?

SIDNEY LENS

Until the country's eighth-largest bank, Continental Illinois, almost went broke a year ago, most Americans were confident their savings were secure no matter what happened. That is because the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, established in 1933 by Franklin Roosevelt, guarantees deposits up to $100,000. Although 122 banks went under in the two and a half years before the Continental Illinois fiasco, the F.D.I.C. had either merged them with other, more solvent institutions or paid off their depositors. No one lost anything.

The Continental Illinois debacle, however, sparked new concern. Here was a giant with $42 billion in deposits, most of them in accounts well over the insured level of $100,000, and by all bookkeeping standards it was insolvent. Americans familiar with history recalled that in 1873, when the nation's best-known banking firm, Jay Cooke & Company, went under, it dragged 23,000 other businesses down with it. The ensuing depression caused wages to drop by almost half, and 3 million workers (from a population of 40 million) lost their jobs. "Never was a time . . . when a greater amount of misery, poverty and wretchedness existed than at the present time," observed the Washington *Inter-Ocean*. The 1873 depression has long receded from memory, but millions of Americans vividly recall the Great Depression of the 1930s, when 5,761 banks went under and a quarter of the working class lost their jobs.

After the Continental Illinois story broke, people began to ask, Can it happen again? It didn't—not last year, anyway. The Federal government stepped in, no doubt mindful of 1873, 1929 and the threats to the economy when Pennsylvania Railroad and Chrysler were on the verge of going belly up. It prevailed on sixteen banks, the F.D.I.C. and the Federal Reserve Bank to make available $7 billion to the ailing Chicago bank, and it reversed its longstanding policy of guaranteeing accounts only up to $100,000, agreeing to cover all deposits at Continental, no matter how large. The government also assumed $4.5 billion of the bank's bad debts—on which it is certain to lose $1 billion, since half of them consist of loans to the slumping oil and gas industry. The Federal government saved Continental by giving it a big present all of us will pay for. Those ministrations stemmed the hemorrhage, and many people reconvinced themselves that the banking system was safe and sound.

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In March, however, Home State Savings Bank, a state-insured savings and loan institution in Ohio, closed its doors when word spread that one of its big investments had gone sour. Governor Richard Celeste shut down seventy-one other state-insured thrifts to prevent a major panic. Home State Savings is still closed and others allow only limited withdrawals on customer accounts.

In mid-May, Old Court Savings and Loan Association, the second-largest privately insured thrift in Maryland, had a run, which was followed two days later by a run on Merritt Commercial. "It seems like there's one bank or savings and loan in trouble every day," commented a writer for a leading Chicago financial sheet. Maryland Governor Harry Hughes ordered all 102 privately insured savings and loans to limit withdrawals to $1,000 a month.

Now it is June, and millions of people, though not panicky, are waiting for the other shoe to drop. In the last four years, nearly a quarter of the nation's 3,500 thrifts have closed or been merged out of existence. According to Edwin Gray, chair of the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, the entire thrift industry has a net worth of zero. *The New York Times*, never one to press the panic button, admits that "even Federal insurance is no panacea. Many Federally insured savings and loans are in weak financial condition—and getting weaker."

Despite Ronald Reagan's assurance that the economy is in a permanent boom, seventy-nine banks failed last year, more than in any other year since 1937. In the past three years, there were 169 failures. Not by coincidence, the number of private businesses that went under during that period was higher than during any comparable period since 1932. The weakness of the banks and the savings and loans reflects the weakness of some other major industries—oil, real estate, farming, steel and other smokestacks—and the burgeoning tendency to mortgage against the future to pay for today's speculation. People and corporations are in debt as never before.

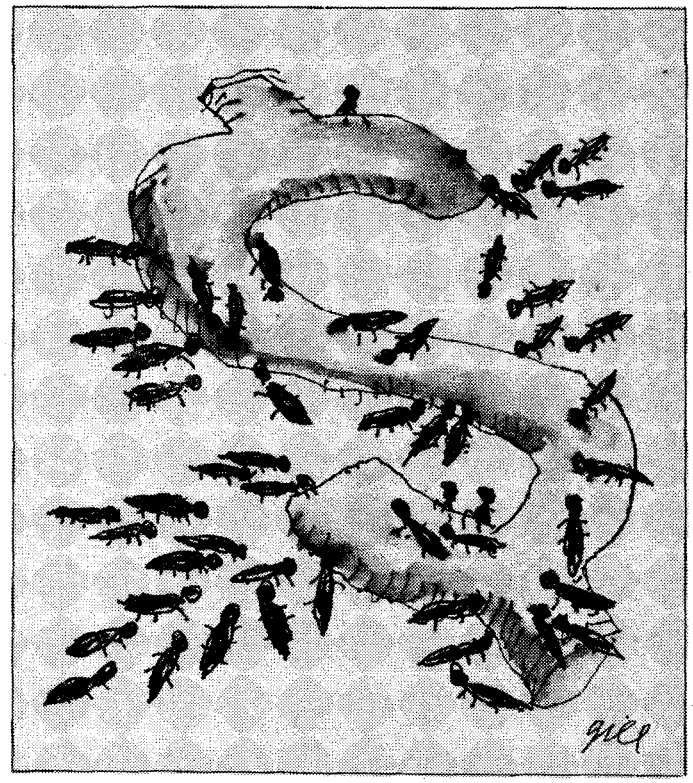
From 1945 to 1980 the ratio of private and public debt to gross national product was approximately 1.45 to 1; since Reagan took office it has jumped to 1.63 to 1. Stepped-up corporate borrowing for buy-outs and mergers, for increased consumer installment purchases and for heavy farm borrowing in the 1970s—to name some prominent factors—have made us a debtor society. Government debt (including that of states and municipalities) is growing at the rate of almost 15 percent annually and now totals almost $1.8 trillion—nearly double what it was when Reagan took office. Add business and personal debt totaling $2.1 trillion each, and Americans are collectively in hock for $6 trillion. To that we must add the annual Federal deficit—$200 billion in fiscal 1985—and an additional $120 billion for the deficit in international trade. For the first time in generations—like Brazil, Mexico or Poland—our holdings abroad will be less than foreigners' holdings in our country.

Most of us are unaware of the potential dangers of this situation. "At some point the foreigners are not going to be willing to keep lending to us," warned Martin Feldstein, when he was chair of the Council of Economic Advisers. If the debt burden isn't appreciably reduced, there will be a sizable boost in interest rates, which will trigger a new wave of business and bank failures.

Another threat to the banking system is the $827 billion owed Western governments and private lenders by the Third World. Although most of the loans are carried on the books as "good" debts, they are actually "nonperforming"—i.e., in default. When the debtor nations cannot make their principal payments, the loans are rolled over, to come due five or ten years later. It is highly doubtful that much of the $827 billion will ever be repaid (a few nations, like Bolivia, have already suspended their payments). So the crisis is postponed, and the books of the big banks are made to appear in order.

Many banks are in far worse shape than their accountants let on. Last year, *Business Week* reported that Citicorp, one of the nation's largest banking conglomerates, had a net worth of $10.2 billion and outstanding loans to five Latin American nations of $10 billion. Since those debts are hardly Triple A, at least part of them should have been written off—which would have shown Citicorp's net worth to be considerably lower than claimed. The same would be true of a large number of ostensibly stable financial institutions.

What will happen if one or more giants go the way of Continental Illinois? Every insured bank pays one-twelfth of 1 percent of its deposits to the F.D.I.C., and every savings and loan pays a similar amount to the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation. Those agencies have reserves of $17 billion and $6 billion, respectively—a total of $23 billion, to cover $1.6 trillion in bank deposits and $733 billion in savings and loan deposits. The amount would be grossly inadequate in the event of several near failures like the one at Continental Illinois. The Federal government



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would either have to allow a 1929-style crash or, more likely, follow the course it took in the Continental Illinois case. After the insurance money was exhausted, Federal Reserve and other government funds would be used to cover deposits. The government would, in effect, be covering the losses by printing money. In nominal dollars the average depositor would lose nothing. If he has $9,000 in the bank, he would be paid $9,000, but the money would be worth only one-half to two-thirds as much as before the crunch (as is the case in Brazil or Israel today). The government won't let the banks go broke or let people lose their savings. It will simply lower our standard of living by reducing the value of our dollars. It will lead us into another Great Depression, but unlike the crash of 1929, it will be state-managed.

That is not appreciably different from what has happened since 1979. In that year, for the first time in U.S. history, a President deliberately lowered living standards to keep the country competitive on the international market. Jimmy Carter imposed "voluntary" (in fact, mandatory) guidelines pegging wage increases at 3 to 5 percent below the rise in prices. Reagan has continued the policy of lowering living standards, but in different form—by cutting welfare, food stamps and other benefits for the poor, and by creating a climate that curbs the power of labor unions.

A state-managed refinancing of shaky banks would only continue the process. Translating from economic and financial terms to simple English: Unless the American people change political direction, end the arms race, reduce the power of the multinationals and initiate a humanistic form of economic planning, they are on the verge of a severe economic downturn and a mammoth cut in their standard of living. □

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WORLD HUNGER MYTHS

Taking Food From The Poor's Mouths

ALBERT L. HUEBNER

The immense outpouring of aid to famine-stricken regions of Africa in recent months shows a genuine concern about world hunger on the part of affluent nations. Yet because the causes of hunger are so poorly understood, that aid will have a negligible impact, particularly over the long term. Despite all the media exposure, or more likely because of it, many of the realities underlying starvation and severe malnutrition remain buried beneath a blanket of myths.

The myths permeate the thinking of most officials charged with reducing hunger. One major misconception is the tendency to look at the global food shortage solely in terms of grain. The 1979 report of President Jimmy Carter's Commission on World Hunger concluded, "The United States is still the 'breadbasket of the world,' providing over half of all the grain imported by other nations." Similarly, "The Global 2000 Report" published by the Council on Environmental Quality and the State Department, and the Brandt commission's study, both from 1980, envisioned this solution to the problem: Industrial nations would produce a vast surplus of grain, which underdeveloped nations would import in increasing amounts.

Little wonder, then, that many Americans believe that developed countries—and particularly their own country—can feed the hungry of the world. The truth is quite different. In 1978, a representative year between periods of exceptional famine, most U.S. agricultural exports went to well-fed nations, not to those where malnutrition is pervasive. And for all the importance placed on breadbaskets, only one-fifth of the grain in international trade goes to less-developed countries.

Rather than the rich feeding the poor, the poor feed the rich. Although the net flow of grain is from the well-fed countries to the malnourished, that amount is a minute fraction of the total grain produced in the world. In sharp contrast, the flow of meat and fish, the major sources of protein, is in the opposite direction. As analyst Georg Borgstrom, author of many books on world hunger, has emphasized, "Protein deficiency . . . must be regarded as the chief nutritional deficiency of the world."

The United States regularly imports much more meat than it exports; other prosperous countries, notably Japan, are rapidly increasing their imports, adding to the demand. In 1977, the United States exported about $600 million worth of meat but imported more than twice that amount, much of it from poor countries. Apologists often contend

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that the United States imports only a small fraction of the total amount of meat it consumes, but that is beside the point. It is said that three people in the Third World go to bed hungry every night so that one American can have a weight problem. Imported meat doesn't contribute much to that weight problem; nevertheless, imports by developed countries take food from the mouths of millions of people elsewhere in the world.

What about protein harvested from the sea? As political scientist George Kent, a specialist in food resources, observes, "Fish continue to migrate after they are caught," traveling from the more needy to the less needy. As a graphic illustration, Kent cites the fact that in 1971, when the previous great famine struck Africa, 56 million pounds of fish were exported from the hardest-hit regions. The United States is a major world consumer, importing even more fish than it does meat. Imported fish rose from less than 20 percent of the U.S. catch in the 1950s to more than 40 percent in the 1970s.

This migration of meat and fish from the protein-deficient to the protein-rich helps explain the changing patterns of food consumption and the growing inequities accompanying them. Throughout Central America, forests essential to the climatic and ecological stability of the region, and possibly the hemisphere, are being decimated so cattle can be raised on the cleared land. The beef winds up not on the tables of the indigenous people but as hamburger in American fast-food restaurants.

Norman Myers, an expert on tropical forests, points out that in Costa Rica between 1960 and 1980, "beef production almost quadrupled, yet . . . local consumption of beef actually declined by more than 40 percent." Guatemala and Honduras followed the same pattern. So did Nicaragua until 1979, when the Somoza dictatorship was overthrown. Under that plundering regime, beef production increased threefold after 1960, but beef exports increased nearly sixfold. The Somoza family owned one-fourth of the country's farmland, as well as six beef-importing companies in Miami.

A variation on the same theme is played elsewhere in the world. Despite a substantial increase in the total catch in Malaysia from 1967 to 1975, per capita fish consumption dropped by 30 percent. In Thailand and the Philippines, seafood exports have also increased rapidly while local consumption has declined.

Because the poor are feeding the rich, famine in many parts of the world will increase. Ironically, the conventional strategy of development agencies and many Third World governments—to encourage still greater exports—only makes matters worse. In the throes of its current misery, Africa offers a striking illustration. Media accounts portray the continent's food problem as a blend of drought, disease, overpopulation, political instability and inefficient peasant farming. The prevailing belief is that Africa is a basket case which will survive only through massive, open-ended aid. In fact, it is a rich and steady source of crops consumed daily in the advanced nations—meat, vegetables, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar—and even of fresh flowers for the dinner table. Increased exports will profit international agribusiness, which dominates Third World agricultural production, and will maintain the large landholders there, but it won't feed hungry Africans.

A more promising strategy frequently advocated by those sincerely concerned about world hunger is agricultural self-sufficiency. But in its usual form, that doctrine is also flawed; self-sufficiency in less-developed countries can't happen until it is practiced by the developed nations and they relinquish their control of the world food system. Once that is understood, steps can be taken toward a policy to end pandemic hunger in the world.

Frances Moore Lappé, author of *Diet for a Small Planet*, pointed out a decade ago that world hunger grows steadily worse because people who want to solve the problem ask the wrong questions. They divert attention from the entrenched interests that profit more from continuation of the problem than from its solution. The question What can poor countries do to become self-sufficient? requires a small, but critical, change to What can *rich* countries do to become self-sufficient? □

Provocateur

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

service, after having had contact with the U.S. Embassy in The Hague.

Wood was extradited to Belgium. In February he was tried in Dinant, a small city near Florennes, and sentenced to eighteen months in jail for stealing the shells. (On appeal the term was shortened to twelve months. He was recently released.) The chaotic trial answered some questions about what orders were given by Dutch authorities, and heightened suspicion that U.S. and Belgian officials were also involved. Dutch peace activists had assumed for some time that the government was spying on them, and the largest group now holds closed meetings because suspicious people were observed at open sessions. Also in February, Cathy Massiter, a former British intelligence officer, said she had been assigned to compile dossiers on leaders of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and that the telephones of C.N.D. leaders had been tapped. Stanley Bonnett, a former C.N.D. member, said he had supplied names and other information on the movement to British security services.

Such misconduct might be expected, but it is rare for a government to admit to it. The affair marks the first time in recent years that a NATO country has been implicated in a plot to infiltrate the European peace movement. It is also part of what peace groups believe is an effort to provoke them into violent actions or link them to violence.

Activists see the beginnings of such a campaign in the stoning in 1983 of Vice President George Bush's motorcade in Krefeld, West Germany, which occurred as tens of

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thousands peacefully protested nearby against nuclear weapons. The stoning was roundly condemned by peace activists, who contend it was carried out by police provocateurs, but news stories made a connection between the violence and antinuclear causes. This year, a wave of terrorism in Europe—in which a French general and a West German arms manufacturer were assassinated—has touched off rumors that peace activists have turned to violence since the failure of their efforts to stop deployment of U.S. cruise and Pershing 2 missiles in Europe. The peace movement has condemned the terrorism, but the charges persist.

"Certain intelligence circles want to give the peace movement an image of violence," says Wim Bartels, international secretary of the Netherlands' Interchurch Peace Council, the country's main peace group. "That image takes away from our base of support."

The Wood affair reveals the *modus operandi* of a government informant in the peace movement, and it shows how governments use unconventional people who are able to ease themselves into targeted groups. It also gives a rare look at the murky world of intelligence gathering: late-night meetings at deserted train stations, mysterious logbook entries, the telephone number of the Dutch Interior Ministry, plans for bomb attacks. The most intriguing part of the story—Wood's links to U.S. and other intelligence services—remains clouded.

According to documents filed with the court, Wood was born in 1941 to a Canadian father and British mother. Since his arrest and extradition, he has given conflicting versions of his life in interviews with journalists and in letters that were made public. Some of his claims—for example, that he was once employed by the U.S. National Security Agency—are completely unverifiable. He also says he served in the Canadian and the U.S. Armies. Arrested and jailed on drug charges at least twice in Europe during the 1970s, he says he agreed to cooperate with U.S. intelligence services investigating the flow of drugs to American soldiers. That story may be true; the jail terms Wood says he served were surprisingly short in view of the crimes. But again, hard evidence is lacking.

Certain parts of Wood's story, combined with the accounts of others, do fill gaps in the Dutch government's statements. Wood says that in late 1983 he was ordered by one Colonel Stevenson, his U.S. contact in Frankfurt, to infiltrate the Dutch peace movement and report to the U.S. Embassy in The Hague. Wood arrived in early December at the Woensdrecht camp, near a Dutch military base where forty-eight cruise missiles are to be deployed, and became a key figure in the group. Members of the camp, which then consisted of about twenty people, say that Wood—whom they knew as John Gardiner—was well-acquainted with the layout of the base and trained others in penetrating it without being detected. One activist called Wood a "fountain of ideas"; another referred to him as an "imposing psychological force." Wood was much older than the others at the camp and was knowledgeable about the European peace movement, which also helped him gain the confidence of the activists. He was even given a monthly stipend of 300 guilders—about the same amount that he was paid by the B.V.D.

Shortly after arriving in Woensdrecht, Wood says, he went to The Hague on two occasions to meet Robert Blackburn, a security officer at the U.S. Embassy. In a statement to Parliament, Minister Rietkerk confirmed that Wood had visited the embassy, and said officials there suggested that he contact the B.V.D. (Neither Rietkerk nor other Dutch officials would say whether the embassy itself contacted the B.V.D. about Wood. Blackburn and an embassy spokesman refused to comment on the case.) Wood says Blackburn told him to wait until Dutch intelligence agents contacted him. The meeting took place late at night outside the Roosendaal train station near Woensdrecht. Wood says he was approached by two men called Hans and Pieter, who identified themselves as members of the B.V.D. They gave Wood a telephone number where they could be reached day and night. (It's unclear whether the three met again.)

Although there is no conclusive evidence that the meeting with the two agents took place, key parts of Wood's story can be confirmed. After giving his confession in April 1984, Wood was asked by local journalists to prove his B.V.D. links by telephoning the intelligence service. Wood dialed a number and warned the person who answered about a protest at the missile base. Several peace activists and journalists went there at the appointed hour and found the police waiting for them. In addition, a Dutch newspaper reported that the number Wood called belonged to the Dutch Interior Ministry, of which the B.V.D. is a part. The paper's story was not disputed by the government.

What kind of information were Hans and Pieter receiving? In a letter last October to the Anti-Militarist Research Collective (AMOK), a leftist information center in the Netherlands investigating the case, Wood wrote, "Because of what I did, hundreds of names have been added to the files of the B.V.D." He also says that meeting places of peace groups were bugged, telephones tapped and private mail intercepted. "All of the members of the peace camp have been investigated back to their birth," Wood said in an interview with a Dutch journalist. Peace activists claim that some of their nonviolent actions against the base—such as a move in February to occupy a communications bunker—were foiled because Wood had tipped off the B.V.D. The damage could have been even worse. According to the activists, Wood often asked for the names and addresses of militant pacifists and anarchists, and frequently floated ideas for violent actions. His queries and suggestions, which gradually roused suspicion at the camp, were rejected.

Wood's April confession threw the peace camp into turmoil at a particularly crucial time. Early that June, the government was expected to announce whether it would deploy the missiles as planned. It put off the announcement until November. Some people reportedly left the camp as a result of Wood's confession. Those who remained were suspicious of one another and a lot of time was wasted allaying this distrust. "It demoralized them totally," comments Karel

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Koster of AMOK. "It obviously damaged the peace movement, or at least the radical part of it."

Only half the damage was done in the Netherlands. That April, an anonymous telephone call to Belgian police said the remaining stolen shells—180 of them—could be found near a highway in Belgium. The tip proved accurate. The caller also said Rudy Daems, a Belgian university student and peace activist who lives a few miles from where the bombs were found, was involved in the theft. After Wood was extradited, police arrested and jailed Daems. Peace activists charged that the government was attempting to smear the movement. Daems was tried along with Wood, and acquitted.

The trial of Wood and Daems was seen by some activists as a chance to uncover possible Belgian and U.S. links to the theft. Wood said he told his Dutch intelligence contacts about the upcoming theft and asked them to make sure that Belgian patrols around the munitions storehouse were lifted at the proper time. He also said he turned over most of the shells to Hans and Pieter, who deposited them in Belgium and called the police. But the activists' hopes were shattered on the first day of the proceedings, when Judge Ursmar Deswattines said he wouldn't consider political or military questions.

"Whether foreign authorities have given some orders doesn't concern me," he said. He made no effort to discover if anyone else was involved in the theft. Not once did he ask Wood if he had any accomplices. In a surprising move, the judge ordered one court session to proceed even though Daems's lawyer was absent. Glaring at the defendant, he snapped, "Why does that bother you if you claim to have not participated in the theft?" The judge also overruled most of the questions that Thierry Delaey, Wood's lawyer, asked Belgian officers from the Florennes Air Force base.

This performance was too much for most observers. *Le Soir*, Belgium's main French-language newspaper, called the theft "one of the strangest ever committed" in Belgium and criticized the judge for treating it "as if it concerned the theft of hens." The paper accused the judge of not allowing the trial to "go beneath the surface," and added, "The good questions couldn't be asked because [the lawyers] weren't allowed to hear the responses." Among those questions: Were the patrols around the ammunition storehouse withdrawn? If not, why was Wood able to steal a few hundred pounds of ammunition so easily? Why wasn't the theft discovered for six hours, and not reported to local police until the next day? If it was simply a case of sloppy security, can the military be trusted with guarding, to say nothing of handling, nuclear weapons?

After the trial, a dispirited Delaey said the judge "was covering up for the authorities." Most observers agreed.

The trial did uncover some significant information, however. Among the evidence submitted by officials from the Florennes base, Delaey found logbooks showing that five Americans—one stationed at the base and four from the Embassy in Brussels—visited the ammunition compound shortly before the theft and on the following day. A coincidence? According to Delaey, the single-page log for the day of the theft disappeared shortly after the case began. Misplaced or stolen? And by whom? One of the two Americans named in the logbook, Col. Guy de Luca of the U.S. Embassy, denied that he had visited the compound on those days. When told that his name was entered in the logs, he told me, "I don't know how you got your hands on those logbooks," and refused to comment further. Capt. Charles Bailey, the American stationed at Florennes who was listed in the logs, refused to comment. A U.S. Embassy spokesman also refused to confirm or deny the American visits.

The logbooks remain a tantalizing clue which could keep a platoon of conspiracy theorists at work for years to come. "You can't find much of a trace of American involvement, but that's natural," says Koster of AMOK. "The Americans would do their best to cover their tracks." Koster doubts Wood's claim that he was a full-time U.S. intelligence agent but believes he was a "freelance worker, someone on the margins of the secret services," who was periodically used by U.S. and other intelligence agencies. "People like Wood can easily be used, easily put under pressure and easily discarded," he says.

With Wood's trial and appeal completed, it's doubtful that much more will be uncovered. That means the most important questions—to what extent U.S. and Belgian authorities were involved, and whether there are other government informants—will remain unanswered. But for the European peace movement, which faces immense odds in its battle against nuclear weapons, one lesson emerged. "The trial has pointed out that a lot of people have tried to criminalize the peace movement, and by very professional means," says Daems, the Belgian peace activist. "People must watch out for these intelligence services." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

More Oil Follies

THOMAS POWERS

ALL FALL DOWN: America's Tragic Encounter with Iran. *By Gary Sick. Random House. 366 pp. $19.95.*

Ancient Athens, I once read, had two overriding foreign interests: a source of grain to feed her people and a source of timber to build ships to carry the grain. All the rest—alliances, colonies, wars to defend the colonies—followed from those two necessities. Doubtless that oversimplifies the matter. If I had to identify a similar foreign interest of the United States, it would be oil. Just about everything else can be finessed, but oil has so many uses, is in such short supply where it is required most and is consumed in such vast quantities that any threat to cut off oil to the West—which includes Japan as well as the NATO countries—would be considered a matter of life and death.

This fact helps explain why the Islamic revolution in Iran early in 1979, the armed occupation of the U.S. Embassy in Teheran by "student militants" in November of that year and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan a month later led to the panicky conclusion in nether regions of the White House that a fatal slide toward war had begun. Not only was there talk of 1914 but two staff members of the National Security Council began to stock the cellar of a summer home in the Shenandoah Valley with survival rations for use in the wake of a nuclear war. This desperate gesture was the logical (if extravagantly inadequate) result of two considerations: the oil of the Persian Gulf is the lifeblood of the West, and the United States was militarily incapable of resisting a Soviet drive to the Gulf, should one come, without resorting to nuclear weapons.

Now maybe no thought of such a gamble ever crossed the mind of anyone in power in Moscow. I suppose it seems ungenerous even to raise the question. But who can say? The Russians are not in the habit of talking openly about such stuff. The fact remains, the Russians *could* have done it: anarchy in Iran might have served as a pretext just as it did in Afghanistan; the reward of success was temptingly large; big wars routinely start in just this sort of way; and the United States was powerless to do anything short of blowing up the world. It was this dramatic proof of U.S. impotence in a region of undisputed vital significance—well, undisputed in Washington anyway—which explains the Carter Administration's fifteen-month obsession with freeing the fifty-three Americans held hostage in Teheran. The outrage sparked by this blatantly illegal act, the humiliation at being forced to negotiate a resolution on all but bended knee while Carter watched his hopes of re-election go glimmering, lent a certain emotional edge to the prolonged struggle. But the real source of official anguish was always oil: the fear of losing it and the shattering of a breathtakingly fragile structure—the Shah of Iran as military bulwark of the Gulf—built to protect it.

There is not much talk of oil in Gary Sick's detailed account of the Iranian crisis of 1978, when the Shah's control of his country collapsed, and that of 1979-80, when U.S.-Iranian relations were irreversibly ruptured by the embassy takeover. Perhaps Sick, an N.S.C. staff member, took the importance of oil as a given. But *All Fall Down* is a fine account of a chaotic period, filled with vivid character portraits and many acute remarks about the nature of revolutions in general and of this one in particular. There's never any question whose side Sick is on, but that's only natural. That period was doubtless the biggest thing in his life and he has gone to a lot of trouble to understand it. Jimmy Carter emerges as a decent and serious man, slow to recognize the Shah's weakness perhaps but ready enough to meet a new regime halfway, willing but loath to use military power when things got out of hand. Running the other side was the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, a fundamentalist of the narrowest sort but at the same time a man of amazing political determination, crafty beyond reckoning. He really knew how to twist the knife but always picked his victim and moment to serve a practical and immediate purpose as well. The embassy takeover cost Iran endless international difficulties, along with several billion dollars, but it allowed Khomeini to consolidate his revolution. How Khomeini turned a pair of deuces into a winning hand is an object lesson in the art of political maneuver.

How the Shah managed to lose with a full house is another. He remains an enigma. A weak man puffed up by power at an early age (the British and Russians put him on the throne during World War II when he was 22), the Shah knew he was dying of cancer when the revolution began. But he controlled the army, the secret police and the nation's fabulous oil income and had first claim on the loyalty of the growing middle class. These assets were squandered in a series of blunders: he was brutal when he should have been accommodating, indecisive when he should have been resolute, at once jealous of his power and tender of his reputation.

But the deepest of the Shah's contradictions lay in his nuttily grand ambition to re-establish the Persian empire and his psychological dependence on the support of Washington. Britain and Russia put him in power; the United States kept him there with a C.I.A.-backed coup in 1953, a deft affair perfectly timed to topple the leftist Premier Mohammed Mossadegh. But it would be a mistake to assume that the Iran of 1978 was a wholly owned U.S. subsidiary. The Shah's relentless Westernizing was his own idea. His appetite for modern arms, which had about it something of a child's fascination with gadgets, began in the early postwar years. The sudden rise in the price of oil following the Arab embargo of 1973 gave him the funds to buy what he wanted. Nixon and Kissinger, figuring that a strong, well-armed Iran could defend the Gulf in a way that post-Vietnam America could not, gave the Shah carte blanche to pick and choose from the U.S. inventory of high-tech weaponry. The Shah went hog wild. The military spending spree whipped up a long-smoldering conservative reaction, with Khomeini as its leader, and things turned out as you might expect—disaster all around. Only the Islamic clergy emerged smiling at the head of a theocratic state—but the story is not over yet and the clergy could end up crying woe too.

Thomas Powers is working on a history of strategic weapons.

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In the fall of 1980, sensing easy pickings, Iraq invaded Iran. That war, in some ways the biggest and most brutal of the last forty years, is far from decided. Iran may collapse under the strain of horrifying casualties, but it also might rally, break Iraq's army and choose to settle certain bitter differences with the Gulf states—Kuwait in particular, on which it has a longstanding territorial claim—which have been supporting Iraq with billions of petrodollars. This is the sort of stuff they love to think about in Washington. The possibilities are endless, and few happy.

Sick has a lot to say about the rest of Carter's cast—national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who aroused personal animosity of "nearly pathological proportions"; Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, who argued throughout that diplomacy could resolve the crisis and resigned when Carter decided on a rescue effort; William Sullivan, the U.S. Ambassador in Teheran, who held the Shah's hand almost until the end; Henry Precht of the State Department and a small group of like-minded academics who insisted that Iranians quite a lot like them—liberal, moderate, democratic—were the real motor behind the revolution and were bound to come out on top. Just about everybody seemed to get it wrong. Above all Sick captures a sense of Washington in crisis—the late nights and early mornings, the endless briefing papers and reports which seemed to miss all the Iranian parts of the Iranian revolution, the obsessive concern with what Russia would do, and that peculiar agony, so familiar to official Americans in recent decades, that comes from the possession of great power and the helplessness of knowing there is nothing you can do.

There are bound to be some lessons somewhere in this mess. One of them probably has to do with the American tendency to take our allies as we find them. We have a great reputation for meddling but the truth is we tend to go with what we've got. It appears that no local leader is so cruel, corrupt, obsessed with personal power or plain dim that he's beyond the pale—the rulers of Haiti occasionally excepted. The Russians are cautious and choosy by comparison. With a few exceptions (Syria's Hafez al-Assad, for example), their allies are of their own manufacture. Repeated failures of the American approach suggest that Washington ought

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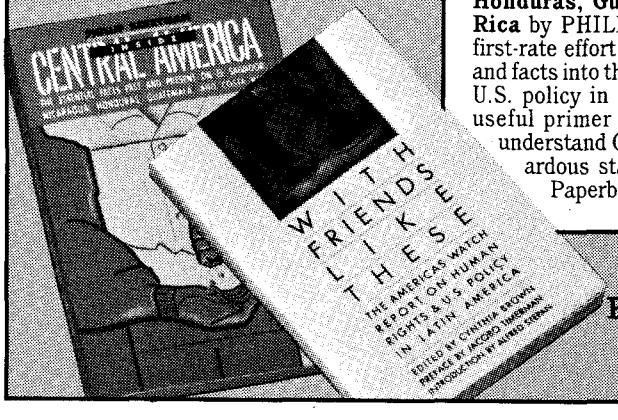

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to think hard about its support of the kings and sheiks who rule the Gulf states, all of which are rapidly filling with graduates of Western universities and an international class of all but stateless people (many of them Palestinians) who do the clerical scutwork of the oil states but are denied the rights and benefits of citizenship. These states may talk a good game of Islam, but they are modernizing at a furious pace, and it is hard to see how that can be reconciled with perpetual rule by absolute monarchs with the sort of immense personal wealth that corrupts character and courts alike. These states seem to me—no Arabist—fragile in the extreme.

But the big lesson is oil. I live in Vermont and heat my house with wood, but my wife and I drive 50,000 miles a year and I don't kid myself we can live without oil. The next time you're in an airplane look out the window at the cities: you'll see a civilization that's been spreading for sixty or seventy years. It runs on oil. We've still got some of our own but the Europeans and the Japanese don't. The price of oil all but bankrupted the world once, and it could push us over the brink next time. It's plentiful for the moment but don't expect the moment to last. Oil is why the chanceries of the world worry about the Middle East. Oil is the one thing, really threatened, we'd have to fight for. The threat in the Middle East isn't fundamentalist strains of Islam, or Russia, or any other temporal power; it's our dependence on their oil. □

The Peacock

EDWARD FOX

SHAH OF SHAHS. *By Ryszard Kapuściński. Translated by William R. Brand and Katarzyna Mroczkowska-Brand. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 152 pp. $12.95.*

The theme of Ryszard Kapuściński's second book in English is the same as that of his first, and equally pleasing in its new presentation. *The Emperor* was a stylized account of the final days of Ethiopia's Haile Selassie; *Shah of Shahs* tells of the fall of Iran's Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. The theme is covertly didactic: what goes too far up must come crashing down. It's one of the oldest stories in history, and one of the best.

The Shah's reign, particularly after Iran's enrichment in the oil boom of the mid-1970s and his fall in the 1979 Shiite revolution, have been amply examined by American writers. But this book stands out as a refreshing antidote to the narrow scope of newspaper accounts and to the boilerplate prose that fills political science texts. Though weak on facts, it is strong on the dreadful atmosphere in Iran under the Shah's rule. The narrative is trimly built out of carefully chosen impressions, presented in the most genial of authorial voices: perfect English with a slight, intriguing foreign accent.

Edward Fox is a graduate student of Arabic at Columbia University.

Kapuściński begins his account by introducing himself in profile as the journalist protagonist familiar to American moviegoers, sorting through a pile of facts in his hotel room, supplicating the secular muse for inspiration. He settles on a tentative approach, describing a series of photographs to evoke the history of modern Iran since its creation by the Shah's father, Reza Shah, who changed its name from Persia in 1935. Although Reza Shah was forced by the British to abdicate during World War II, his son's regal ambition did not mature until 1953, when the army saved his throne from Mohammed Mossadegh. The Shah wrote in one of his three dull, self-serving books that at that moment the Shiite saint Ali appeared to him in a dream and said, "Return to your homeland so that you can save the nation." (He was vacationing in Europe at the time.) He returned and proceeded to remind the nation who was boss.

At the height of the Shah's power, Iran was ordering jet fighters faster than they could be built. It was remarked that the Shah perused armaments manufacturers' catalogues the way some men look at *Playboy*. *The New York Times*, in a gaga Style section article, called him "indisputably the world's most popular emperor." He and his wife, the Empress Farah, skied in St. Moritz and had their portraits made by Andy Warhol. Meanwhile, the Shah's unpredictable domestic terror instrument, SAVAK, bred an atmosphere of fear and paranoia, while the court elite made glittering fortunes from bribery and corruption.

Kapuściński's imagination is fired by the outlandish plans the Shah entertained for Iran. He understands and evokes well the psychology of the royal absolutist, using the apt metaphor of the theater. The Shah turned Iran into a stage and directed upon it a dazzling drama, with himself in the starring role. The plot was the transformation of Iran from a backward country into an industrial power, burgeoning with factories, oil refineries and atomic power plants. The Shah even commissioned plans for a great metropolis, Shahestan Pahlavi, which would reflect the order and harmony of his rule. Its centerpiece was to have been a two-square-mile symmetrical plaza with high arches, containing an opera house (although opera is unknown in Iranian culture), a national theater and concert halls. Unfortunately, the play did not end as it was scripted:

> In the last scene the gem-encrusted peacock throne—the throne of the Shahs—comes down from the top floor to the ground floor in dazzling, many-colored radiance. On the throne sits an extraordinary, outsized figure of majestic sublimity, radiating a stunning brilliance of its own. Its hands and feet, its head and its body, are connected to wires and cables. The sight of this figure overpowers us, we dread it, we feel a reflex that would bring us to our knees. But a group of electricians comes on stage, unplugging the cables and cutting the wires.

One recalls Charles I rather then Louis IX, a king whose vision and megalomania far outstripped reality. Toward the end of Charles I's reign, when the forces of civil discord swirled about his throne, court dramas sought to console him by fabricating an illusion of royal power blazing forth from him like a divine solar force. Iranian poets wrote similar panegyrics for the Shah:

> Let the Shah stop somewhere and stand
> And a broad river flows across the land.

The fulcrum of Kapuściński's book, early in the final chapter, "The Dead Flame," is a shrewd representation of the initial revolutionary moment. The chapter describes the publication by the Shah's government of an article intended to smear Khomeini, whose voice was spreading like wildfire through the

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country, mainly through pronouncements disseminated on cassette tapes. The article feebly pointed out that Khomeini was old and had foreign blood. At this point, the spark is struck: "Authority has squandered all its credibility and has empty hands, the nation has lost the final scrap of patience and makes a fist." Kapuściński keenly isolates and identifies the primary indivisible particle of rebellion, as his narrative cuts to a noisy anti-Shah demonstration. Police approach to break it up. He zooms in on the confrontation between one policeman and one protester:

> The policeman shouts, but the man doesn't run. He just stands there, looking at the policeman. It's a cautious look, still tinged with fear, but at the same time tough and insolent. So that's the way it is! The man on the edge of the crowd is looking insolently at uniformed authority. . . . The man has stopped being afraid—and this is precisely the beginning of the revolution.

Kapuściński's skill lies in his ability to select a single detail and buff and burnish it so that it tells the story of the whole. The book is a succession of eccentrically diversified particulars of this kind. One of the most successful examples is a long interview, transcribed from a revolutionary newspaper, with a man who has made a life's work out of demolishing royal statues:

> It's not easy to pull down monuments. It takes experience, expertise. You have to know what they're made of, how much they weigh, how high they are, whether they're welded together or sunk in cement, where to hook the line on, which way to pull, and how to smash them once they're down. We were already working at pulling it down each time they set up a new monument to the Shah. That was the best chance to get a good look and see how it was built, whether the figure was hollow or solid, and, most important, how it was attached to the pedestal and how it was reinforced.
>
> —It must have taken up a lot of your time.
>
> —Right! More and more monuments were going up in the last years.

Kapuściński observes the revolution from his hotel room and from the streets and squares of Teheran, not from within the palace, as he did in *The Emperor*. He evokes the thrilling atmosphere in the city and records the political improvisations of the new guard in chaotic meetings in crowded

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rooms. He watches television and looks at newspapers, though he cannot understand a word of Farsi.

By the end of the book a new mood appears as the revolutionaries, having seized power, begin to face the complicated reality of learning how to use it. Now, six years after the fall, Khomeini's regime has instituted a reign of terror comparable to the Shah's, to the extent that it would be hard to choose between them. The *pasdaran*, neighborhood militias, have come to resemble Mao's Red Guards, a revolutionary instrument gone out of control. Amnesty International reports that Khomeini himself broadcast a warning on this subject on Iran Radio in June 1979.

The book's dust jacket explains that Kapuściński is a 53-year-old veteran reporter for the Polish Press Agency, but the text contains no further information about him, except for a flourishing signature toward the end. "Iran," he writes. "It was the twenty-seventh revolution I have seen in the Third World." A reviewer waxes envious. Certainly, Kapuściński must occupy a rare position in Polish journalism, one that allows him to write books for an international audience that can easily be read as political allegory. Just as Polish Premier Joseph Gierek was visible behind the mask of Haile Selassie in *The Emperor*, so here Kapuściński's long meditations on the nature of dictatorship can be applied to Jaruzelski's Poland. Kapuściński himself conceded as much in a recent *New York Times* interview but went on to point out that his commentary applies universally: hence the value of this book.

A third book, on the final days of Ugandan ogre Idi Amin, will follow this one, to form a trilogy based on a single durable proposition: that there is no greater marvel on earth than the folly and the fall of kings. □

Acts of Statesmanship

MARTIN J. SHERWIN

THE MARSHALL PLAN: The Launching of the Pax Americana. *By Charles L. Mee Jr. Simon & Schuster. 301 pp. $16.95. Paper $8.95.*

The Marshall Plan—the economic altar in the Church of Containment—embodied the lessons of history that Americans had learned from their "return to normalcy" after World War I. It was an initiative that viewed the future in the light of the past, which it implicitly condemned as an inadequate guide to the present. It was—in its motives, formulation and execution—a precise and revealing insight into contemporary political culture and the character of the first Truman Administration.

"Foreign policy is a grand and prolonged revelation of national character," Charles Mee notes, and he has designed his concise, fast-paced history of the Marshall Plan to aid our understanding of American statesmanship during the early cold war. Mee's revisionist study is long overdue and should help correct the lopsided orthodoxy established in Joseph M. Jones's "official" history, *The Fifteen Weeks*, written in 1955:

> President Truman, Secretary Marshall, and Undersecretary Acheson . . . figured out what needed to be done, explained their bold projects publicly in frank terms, and had faith that the American people would back them up. The Fifteen Weeks demonstrated the tremendous capacity of the American people to respond to courageous leadership with clear thinking, constructive ideas, and personal sacrifice. The people did not demand to know what was at the end of the road before responding, or the total cost, or the full extent of possible dangers. They wanted only to be satisfied that the direction in which their leaders pointed was good and necessary, and they pitched in with ideas, intellectual support, and with money to help get a big show on the road. This generous response, in turn, encouraged the nation's leaders to new acts of statesmanship.

Indeed it did!

The "acts of statesmanship" that followed were designed to recruit anticommunist allies to oppose the expansion of Soviet influence. Without doubt the Marshall Plan was the Truman Administration's most imaginative and successful achievement in this regard. It bound European allies and former enemies together in a voluntary economic association with one another and with the United States; it established an anticommunist political alliance among all the war-weary nations of Western Europe; and it created the infrastructure that supported NATO, the unprecedented trans-Atlantic military organization that established the military parameters of the cold war.

Mee begins, appropriately, with a brief review of the devastating consequences of World War II, and the politics of the civil war in Greece which followed Nazi withdrawal in 1944. The British opposed the Communist-led antifascist guerrillas by supporting the conservative government, "even though," as Mee says, "British diplomats frankly considered the regime corrupt." However, by February 1947, the cost of this support became intolerable, leading "His Majesty's Government" to notify the State Department that, in view of Britain's economic situation, it was "impossible to grant further financial assistance to Greece."

Mee is clear about what happened next, and why. With the British Empire crumbling, the architects of Pax Americana set about the task of replacing it with a new imperialist system. It was an American version of interdependence designed to avoid the stigma of colonialism while preserving colonialism's essence: the ability to control the economic and political course of client states. Led by Under Secretary of State Dean Acheson, a series of policies were put into place based on the assumption that communism was an enemy of the good even when it opposed what was obviously bad.

The policy initiating America's postwar containment strategy was the Truman Doctrine, announced on March 12, 1947, in a call for economic aid to Greece and Turkey, and to all other governments resisting communism. But the American public, exhausted from war and turning toward isolationism in peace, was not in a crusading mood. As Mee notes, the Truman Doctrine "so chilled American opinion that any more schemes for international involvement would have a tough go of it."

Thus the Marshall Plan—the initiative that formed the Western alliance and gave the Truman doctrine sub-

Martin J. Sherwin, Walter S. Dickson Professor of History at Tufts University, is the author of A World Destroyed: The Atomic Bomb and the Grand Alliance *(Alfred A. Knopf). He is currently writing a biography of J. Robert Oppenheimer.*

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stance—was launched in June with a full-scale assault on domestic opinion. Fearing an adverse reaction from the Midwest, the State Department's policy planning staff, directed by George Kennan, designed a dual strategy. First, the threat of a communist takeover of Europe was explained to the American public in terms that were "clearer than truth," as Acheson wrote in his memoirs. Secondly, the European governments were required to court America. Rather than request assistance individually, they were instructed to design a comprehensive aid package that would insure the economic recovery of European capitalism. The promise of such results, so clearly beneficial to the economy of the United States, was necessary for Congressional and public support. In addition, according to Charles Bohlen, the plan was devised to "identify Communism and the Soviet Union with the evils of misery, hunger, chaos, etc."

Leaving Washington, Mee follows the evolution of the plan through London, Paris, Bonn and elsewhere—including Moscow—telling us of the responses it elicited and the political fallout it precipitated. Throughout, he is mindful of the calculating assumptions that guided European and American leaders, especially their understanding of the need for policy-makers in Washington to call upon anticommunism to rally the support of the good folks in Peoria.

In *What Is History?*, E.H. Carr observes, "There is no more significant pointer to the character of a society than the kind of history it writes or fails to write." Given the shallow, uncritical adulation accorded the Marshall Plan all these years, Mee's popular account should be praised not only for its analytical acuity but for its contribution to the enhancement of the American national character. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Richard Serra's "Tilted Arc" is a rusted slope of curved steel, 12 feet high and 112 feet long. It sticks up out of Federal Plaza in lower Manhattan like a sullen blade, and its presence there has divided the art world into philistines like myself, who think it should be removed, and esthetes, who want it to remain forever. The controversy is not over taste, since many philistines, myself included, admire it as sculpture, but over the relevance of the hostility it has aroused on the part of office workers, whose use of the plaza it severely curtails.

Esthetes insist that it does not impede but in fact metaphorically represents the human flow to and from the banal edifice it mercifully occludes. Philistines insist that artistic merit notwithstanding, the piece is in arrogant disregard of those most directly affected by its presence; to them it is an obstacle and an eyesore. Serra says that the workers "can learn something about a sculptural orientation to space and place." Philistines agree, but ask whether lessons in art appreciation ought to preempt other uses to which space and place might be put. Philistines have no illusions that the plaza will be restored to beauty now that, like Excalibur, the blade is to be removed. But they feel the issues involved to be only marginally esthetic. It is the great if unsought achievement of "Tilted Arc" to have made vivid the truth that something may succeed as a work of art but fail as a work of *public* art.

Up to now it has been assumed that the criteria for good public art are simply the criteria for good art. All a government agency charged with commissioning public art must do is commission good art for public spaces. "Tilted Arc" meets, and perhaps surpasses, current standards for good sculpture, and since it is exquisitely placed in relation to its formal environment, it does all one could ask according to what have seemed the only relevant indexes. The furor that has resulted from its placement suggests, however, that we must build something more into our conception of good public art. What we urgently need is a criterion for public art that justifies a work's removal if it does not meet it. It is possible that a work might be good public art though bad or indifferent as art, which would then make esthetic criteria irrelevant to the matter. The possibility of irrelevance was missed in the hearings devoted to "Tilted Arc," whose supporters supposed it sufficient to praise it as art. I want to sketch what such a criterion might look like.

First, works of art, and certainly works of public art, do not exist in interest-free environments. There is a public interest in good art, but that is not the only public interest art serves. There is ground for removing a piece of public art when its placement represents interests that the work subverts, even if the work itself is good. Let us consider some cases where these other interests can be served only if the work is good as art, so that bad art would in fact subvert them.

Although not quite public art in the full sense, corporate art is a helpful example. Consider the familiar abstract emblems set against the characteristically inhumane facades of corporate headquarters, there to assure the passer-by that whatever its reputation, the corporation is committed to higher values. The high price of good art serves as a metaphor for the high value art is supposed to connote, and success in projecting its message depends on the wide recognition that the work is of very high value indeed. It would be a genuine embarrassment to the corporation were the work found wanting as art. (Think of the embarrassment to the corporate sponsor when a major exhibition it underwrites proves curatorially defective, as did the very bad Primitivism show at the Museum of Modern Art.) This explains the preference for internationally acknowledged artists: Moore, Calder, Nevelson, Noguchi. Even a bad Picasso is a good symbol of corporate high-mindedness, but in general it is plain that a choice of bad art would subvert the purpose of having art there in the first place.

The philosopher J.L. Austin identified as "perlocutionary" a class of speech acts that do more than convey information. If someone confides that his nanny loved him, he is not just conveying the simple information the sentence contains; he is letting you know that his was a privileged childhood, with parents prosperous enough to afford a nursemaid and pretentious enough to call her a nanny. The corporate artwork is perlocutionary in this sense, proclaiming something about its sponsor beyond whatever the work itself may proclaim.

Federally funded artworks are similarly perlocutionary, and their message is much the same as that of the corporate ones: despite unpopular wars and policies, a government of, by and for the people is committed to the highest things permitted by the separation of church and state. But unlike a corporation, the government cannot

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look as though it spends our money extravagantly, so public artists must not be too widely recognized. This may account for the innocuousness of much federally funded art and for the practice among better-known commissioned artists, like Serra, to state plainly that they did not make a dime off their project. The last thing the Federal Program of Esthetic Perlocution required was a work like "Tilted Arc," which transmits the message that the government puts the value of high art above the rights and interests of those who find its presence offensive. And here the very goodness of the work conflicts with the message of benignancy the government seeks to convey by funding art to begin with. The contradiction can be resolved only by removing the work, thereby perlocutionarily conveying the crucial message that the will of the public matters and that ours is a responsive government.

Consider the case of Christo, who *does* make a dime and does not cost the public a nickel. Christo's works are wholly self-financed, but he uses the political process in a way that facilitates the final acceptance of his work: the public to be affected by the work participates in its realization. Although Christo is widely admired in the art world, the art world is not his primary constituency, as it has been for "Tilted Arc." The art world too has its interests, particularly in asserting its authority to determine which works are good art. That authority was never questioned in the public hearings about Serra's sculpture. All that was questioned was its authority to determine whether something is good public art without consulting the public. That what is good for the art world is good for the public is true only on the most paternalistic assumptions.

What, then, should be the criterion for good public art? I find Henry James instructive here, as in most of the cruxes of life. There is a passage in *The American Scene* where he records his surprised admiration for Grant's Tomb. "I felt the critical question . . . carried off in the general effect," he wrote. "The aesthetic consideration, the artistic value . . . melted away and became irrelevant." What was relevant, James goes on to say, was the manner in which the tabernacle of General Grant embodied the values of a democratic society. He contrasts the monument with the tomb of Napoleon in Paris which, "as compared to the small pavilion on the Riverside bluff, is a holy of holies, a great temple jealously guarded and formally approached." His point is that these two structures project the deepest public values of the societies that built them. If esthetic values were a society's deepest values, then "the aesthetic consideration" would not melt into irrelevance unless a work failed artistically. In these two monuments, the two societies embody themselves.

I think something like this has been achieved in Maya Lin's great memorial to the American dead in the Vietnam War. And other examples are easily found. Not far from Grant's Tomb is the "Alma Mater," in the plaza of Columbia University. Its status as public art by this difficult criterion was confirmed in the early 1970s, when students attempted to blow it up. The students were not vandals but revolutionaries, symbolically attacking the public whose values "Alma Mater" embodies, regardless of the statue's value as mere art. Courbet's demolition of the Vendôme column was a parallel acknowledgment, almost conferring value by the violence of erasure.

Public art is the public transfigured: it is us, in the medium of artistic transformation. "The experience of art," Serra argued in his testimony, "is in itself a social function." So it is. But the social is not the public, any more than the individual is the private. Private and public are dimensions of the political. So when Serra's attorney spoke of the "imposition of political considerations into Federal programs related to all of the arts," he was making a mistake of category. The public is already the political. What Serra has insisted is that the esthetic override the political, which it cannot do when the art is public.

This being his position, he ought not to object to having his work treated esthetically. A trustee of the Storm King Sculpture Center in Rockland County, New York—one of the artistic glories of our region—showed me the area in which "Tilted Arc" might stand were Serra to allow its transfer there. In a meadow, with a mountain as background, it could expand in a hospitable space. Its rusting escarpment would contrast handsomely with the green grass, with fallen snow, and would complement the brown and red harmonies of autumn leaves. Going to admire it at Storm King would be a social act. The public has an interest in the existence of museums, but it also has an interest in not having all of its open spaces treated as though they were museums, in which esthetic interests rightly dominate. The delicate architectural siting of "Tilted Arc" in Federal Plaza ignores the human realities of the place. Were he not blind to everything but the esthetic, Serra could learn something about human orientation to space and place. Standing where it does, "Tilted Arc" is the metal grin of the art world having bitten off a piece of the public world, which it means to hold in its teeth forever, the public be damned. Now that its removal is assured, a memorial scar might be considered—a marker, redeeming the cruel blankness of Federal Plaza, the place where in furious battle the public reclaimed its esthetic rights. □

FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Rambo: First Blood Part II
Birdy

Vietnam has suffered invasions, interventions and expeditions by every great power in this century; it has endured the visits of foe and friend, from Robert McNamara to Jane Fonda; it has survived almost half a century of bombing, mining, corruption, incineration and defoliation. All that, and now this: along comes Rambo, the ultimate weapon in humanoid form, winning with biceps and pecs the war that the mightiest nation in history lost with mere B-52s and Agent Orange. At last, William Westmoreland's dishonorable defeat has been avenged by Sly Stallone.

Rambo: First Blood Part II is at once hilarious and disgusting. It's hard not to howl at Stallone's apish ambition, the blind egomania of a lowland gorilla who looks at his reflection in a jungle pool and sees a limpid Narcissus. It is to laugh when Stallone slaughters whole battalions of Vietnamese and Soviet soldiers ("damn Russian bastards!") with crossbow, bazooka and bare hands; steals a helicopter and destroys native villages (the ones the U.S. Army missed); rescues American P.O.W.s from the Vietcong tiger cages where they have been languishing since *The*

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Deer Hunter. It is even worth a chuckle when Stallone finally manages to grunt out a complete prepositional clause ("for our country to love us as much as we love it") in the closing thirty seconds, even though we may have to wait for Part III for a whole sentence, with subject and predicate like they have in those European films. When Brando mumbled through *Julius Caesar*, it was tolerated as sheer Method madness; with Stallone, mumbles are the very best he can do.

But even Stallone's camp followers will have a hard time swallowing the twisted history, the racist images and the political line of Rocky's latest horror show. Its premise is that certain villains—bureaucrats, politicians, C.I.A. operatives—sold America down the river in Vietnam and afterward, thus losing the war and preventing the return of uncounted M.I.A.s. The lowly grunts would have won if left to their own devices, and when they were sent home the society that surrendered despised them precisely because their presence was a constant reproach. *First Blood*, which introduced Rambo, glorified the bitter and violent veteran in his struggle against cowardly authority and a complacent citizenry. In that effort, Rambo turned his wrath against small-town rednecks in the Pacific Northwest and against wave after wave of the National Guard. For the damage done, he was sentenced to a season on the prison rock pile.

Post-imperial frustration is a familiar theme in twentieth-century history: cf., Hitler after Versailles, the Tory right after Suez, the China Lobby after Mao's march. The syndrome has several phases. First blood is always drawn internally, from those at home held responsible for the unaccountable defeat. Then come the overseas revenge fantasies, sometimes enacted in terrifying reality. No doubt there are worse scenarios in store for America than the one Stallone and James (*The Terminator*) Cameron created for *Rambo*, but until the real thing comes along, we are asked to sublimate our death wishes in the Hollywood version.

Rambo is sprung by his old Special Forces colonel (Richard Crenna) and sent back to Nam. "Do we get to win this time?" he asks in a moment of foreshadowing which epitomizes the subtlety of the plot to follow. The Green Beret replies that it's all up to Rambo, but in fact the same wimps and sellouts in Congress and the Central Intelligence Agency who collapsed after Tet are setting Rambo up for failure. They want him to find no live Americans in-country so that they can continue their dirty diplomatic games of appeasement and accommodation.

Aided only by Co, the Vietnamese girl *contra* (apparently no authentic ethnic actress has succeeded France Nguyen as the all-purpose Pan-Asian heroine, so the part is played by the round-eyed Julia Nickson), Rambo has to do battle with Charlie, Ivan, a band of river pirates, assorted leeches and snakes, the C.I.A. mission commander, the legacy of Henry Kissinger and the ghost of the antiwar movement. It's no contest. Metamachismo carries the day. Rambo sheds only a tear when Co takes an Aka burst in the back (those damn Russian bastards always shoot you as you're running). When, dying, she implores, "Don't forget me," he merely grunts, "Uh-uh." War love is never having to say anything, and these big guys really love making war. Stallone is a Bill Broyles with muscles, but his passion for carnage is no big secret. "You're of Indian-German descent," the C.I.A. man notes approvingly as he reads Rambo's dossier. "It's a hell of a combination." I'll say!

War and remembrance are pivotal perches for *Birdy*, but the perspective in Alan Parker's novelistic film (from the pseudonymous William Wharton's 1979 novel) is wary and wounded like a fallen sparrow's, while *Rambo*'s eye is fixed on the kill. Al (Nicolas Cage) is battle-scarred and bandaged, and when he limps from his hospital bed, he looks like the hero of *Johnny Got His Gun* miraculously on the mend. A demonic Army psychiatrist fetches him to help make contact with his old high-school buddy Birdy (Matthew Modine), another vet whom the war has scarred so profoundly that he crouches naked in a catatonic state in a dungeonlike military asylum.

Constructed intricately as a series of parallel flashbacks, *Birdy* looks for the roots of Al's bitterness and Birdy's psychosis in their working-class Philadelphia boyhood, in their dreams of freedom and flight, in their repressed emotional need for each other. Their past is imperfect, but the postwar present is impossible, and the future, for both, seems nonexistent. Symbols and signifiers swoop and crash with dizzying

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frequency, like a busy day at O'Hare. Cats and canaries, ecstasy and garbage, mothers and fathers; and through it all a flight motif so thick you can cut it with a bayonet.

But Parker's heavy hand hits hard where it counts: at war-love, patriotism and masculinity; and both Modine and Cage deliver wrenching if occasionally overwrought performances. Everyone involved seems to have cared about what they were doing, and their earnestness gives *Birdy* moments of astonishing truth, whereas *Rambo* is a lie from beginning to end. □

THEATER.

PAUL BERMAN

The Marriage of Bette and Boo

For a few seconds you could mistake *The Marriage of Bette and Boo*, by Christopher Durang, for a thinking person's *Brighton Beach Memoirs*. A narrator introduces his childhood recollections along with a report of how his parents got married in ried in the first place. The narrator is obviously intelligent. You can guess how he came to be a playwright. You smirk at his family. The actors deadpan a lot of witty remarks, the lines are clipped, the action chopped into thirty-three quick scenes. And all this creates a definite impression of smart comedy, an expectation of laughter and high spirits. A percentage of the audience takes the look for reality and roars appreciatively. But the stage in fact fills with horrors not at all humorous, about which it can be said, The more humorous in appearance, the more horrible in reality.

Dead babies become a standing joke. Har! Har! The marriage of Bette and Boo turns out to be ghastly. Bette is so bereft of brains and culture she relies on children's books and movies for wisdom, along with the Catholic Church, that institution, as per Durang, by morons for morons. "Have you ever read *Winnie the Pooh*, Father?" she says. "Most people think it's for children." The priest does an imitation of bacon frying in the pan. Boo is the kind of drinker who passes out on the living room floor. His father is a bully, his father-in-law terminally dumb. Bette's mother tyrannizes smugly and her sister, Emily, raises niceness to the level of insanity. Now and then these in-laws gather for a delightful holiday. What a time! Holidays, Durang says, were invented by a sadistic Englishman in the Middle Ages to torment and depress people with a sentimental image of cheerful family life. There is no cheerful family life. In addition, there is no God, or only a mean one. There's no wisdom, either. People go to their graves not having learned a thing. Har! Har!

Comic technique, in short, plays a funny role in *The Marriage of Bette and Boo*. It raises an expectation that is continually belied by the actual events. What results is a triumph of style. Nothing comes out straight; every line testifies against itself. The actors—Joan Allen and Graham Beckel as Bette and Boo, the excellent Bill Moor as Boo's father, and seven others under Jerry Zaks's direction—seem to be mugging it up for light caricature, and at the same time to be stunned by the grisly realism. You find yourself, consequently, slightly disconcerted. You're ready to laugh; you're sure that any moment a stroke of ultimate hilarity will descend upon the stage; and meanwhile you're aghast. Meanwhile, too, you don't pause to notice that thirty-three scenes of studied incongruity played at a comic pace have concealed a lack of proper story development. Such are the benefits of high style.

Style falls short only in the character of the narrator, a university student full of Thomas Hardy and portentous reflections, played by Durang himself. The narrator means to be clever but succeeds at being showoffy. You get the impression of a theatrical John Irving, too adorable by half, thoroughly thrilled at his personal mix of boyish sweetness and pained embitterment. But not to complain. The narrator comes on. He's very charming. He's too charming. And off he goes, because those thirty-three scenes are short. Then you leave the Public Theater as if pursued by a black cloud full of hailstones. Somewhere, you reflect, is a smiling family and a helpful priest and an honest religion and a sea of sagacity and a world of just the prettiest lawns and picket fences. Har! Har! □

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SKEPTICAL INQUIRER quarterly, introductory price $12.95. Entertaining, skeptical analyses of paranormal claims. N, Box 229, Buffalo, NY 14215.

SOUTH AFRICA: How to overcome Apartheid—effectively. Special Report. $2. Strong Points, Box 8266-NB, Silver Spring, MD 20907.

SMALL TOWN, the voice of small town America. Articles on planning, preservation, attracting industry, housing, shopping malls, central business district improvement and other matters of interest to small communities. Individual membership in The Small Town Institute, $30. Box 517, Ellensburg, WA 98926. Just out, 100-page Historic Preservation Resourcebook. Special prices for bulk orders.

FOOTNOTE ON AN HISTORIC CASE: IN RE ALGER HISS. William A. Reuben identifies 114 factual errors in the Federal District Court of New York's 1982 decision upholding Hiss's conviction for perjury in 1950. This flawed decision, upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in 1983, stands as the last legal word on one of the most celebrated cases in modern history. 1 copy $5, 10 copies $40, 50 copies $150, 100 copies $250. Make checks payable to The Nation Institute and send to "Hiss," The Nation Institute, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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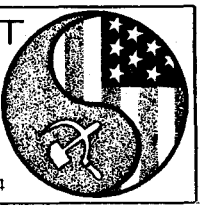

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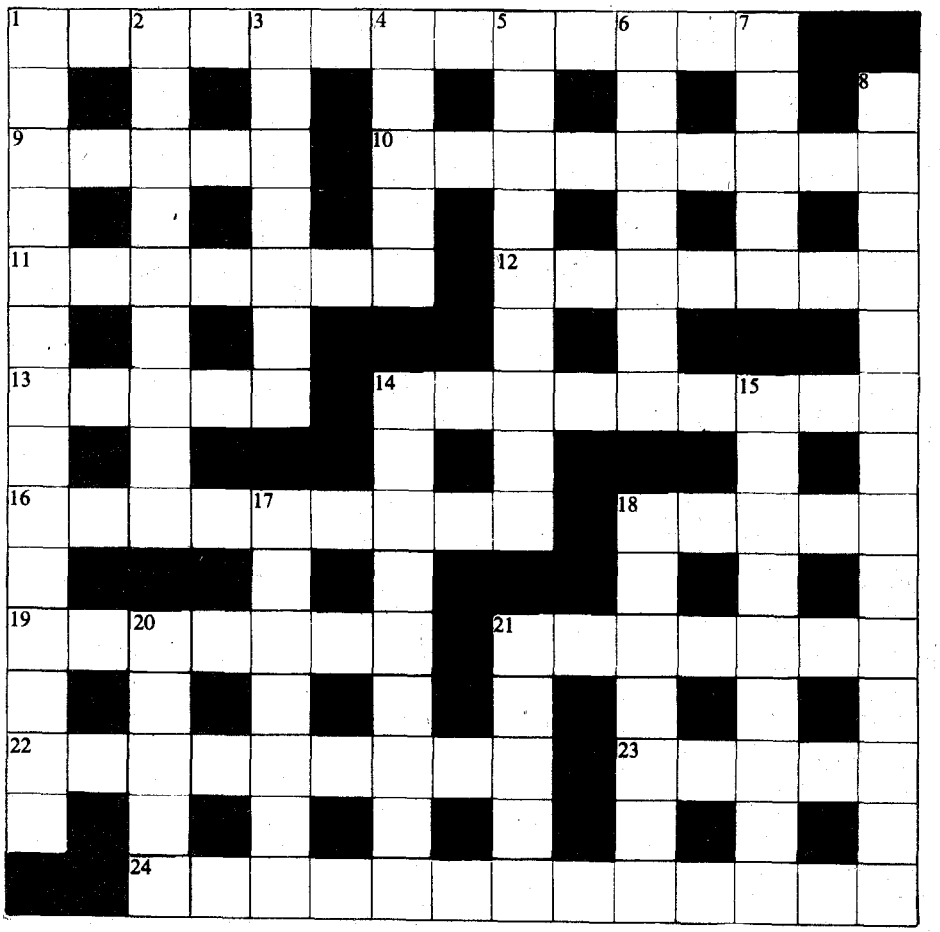

ACROSS

1 The song suggests a trip to Dover this day. (6,7)
9 Commonly drunk, being parsimonious. (5)
10 Could be a clam-up, an implication of flower rings by one in the family. (9)
11 Literally slanted? (7)
12 With more than one boss? (Your stiff shirt might be!) (7)
13 One of these is a mouthful! (5)
14 German victory cooked up in opera? (9)
16 Might be said when fake jewelry is around—or country music. (9)
18 This cap is shaky—at least shaky on board. (5)
19 With art so backward, a wartime villain makes it slander! (7)
21 Some might term it a piercing wind. (7)
22 Traditionally upset by Shaw's work? (5,4)
23 Bring to maturity, though what's on the tombstone makes a couple of points. (5)
24 Un-representer, possibly, of enterprising undertakers. (13)

DOWN

1 Developing a slow burn before you leave? (7,2,5)
2 Rustic furniture for counters? (3,6)
3 They are sometimes scratched, but still might go in the books. (7)
4 Used to be turned down before turning in. (5)
5 Stop the flow of a part of the act—it might involve ornamentation. (9)
6 Put out—as matches might be put out. (2,1,4)
7 Fruit dip? (5)
8 Embellished narratives, not appreciated by comptroller. (6,8)
14 Certainly not a fresh partner—meeting one, you might not know where to go! (9)
15 I evidently arrive on time, with a turn that's not exactly planned. (9)
17 It's not exactly up to Len! (Rich might easily describe it.) (7)
18 Sacred scripture means the reading, but we usually see it otherwise. (7)
20 Plenty made from maple, though freely given away, all but the head. (5)
21 Well-known consumer of cucurbita. (5)

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